

A JOURNAL OF PRACTICAL REFORM, DEVOTED TO THE ELEVATION OF HUMANITY IN THIS LIFE, AND A SEARCH FOR THE EVIDENCES OF LIFE BEYOND.

VOL. IV.

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SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., SATURDAY, APRIL 30, 1887.

(TERMS (In Advance): \$2.50 per annum;
\$1.25 for six months.)

NO. 15.

CONTENTS:

FIRST PAGE.—Gems of Thought; A Spiritual View of Heaven and Hell—Lecture by W. J. Colville.
SECOND PAGE.—Home Life in the Clouds; Have Animals Souls? Professional Mediumship; Push Forward.
THIRD PAGE.—Reliability of Spirit Messages; The Road to Freedom: Parents and their Children; Continuation of Lecture from first page.
FOURTH PAGE.—Editorials: Pessimism; Human Nature and Spiritualism; The Realities of Thought; Mrs. Whitney's Meetings; Unanswerable Logic; The Coming Camp Meeting; Editorial Notes, etc.
FIFTH PAGE.—Editorial Correspondence; Some of the Christian Virtues that Should be Ours; Advertisements.
SIXTH PAGE.—Immortality (Easter Sunday Jottings); Advertisements.
SEVENTH PAGE.—Chats; Come Up Higher; Advertisements.
EIGHTH PAGE.—(Poetry) Betrayed; A Thought Flower; Rocking the Baby; The Ebbing Sea; Miracles; A Pretty Good Bad Boy; Advertisements, etc.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Truth is an immortal and an eternal thing.

Generous actions meet with the reward of pleasant thoughts.

All perfect things are saddening in effect—*Ella Wheeler*.

Nought's had, all's spent where our desire is got without content.

Make golden stairways of your weaknesses.—*Edwin Arnold*.

Cultivation is as necessary to the mind as food to the body.—*Cicero*.

Thy knowledge is nothing, unless thou canst impart it to others.—*Persius*.

All love that has not friendship for its base is like a mansion built upon the sand.

The generous heart should scorn a pleasure which gives others pain.—*Thomson*.

Carry the radiance of your soul in your face; let the world have the benefit of it.—*Fox*.

Silence never shows itself to so great an advantage as when it is made the reply to calumny and defamation.

Minds of moderate caliber ordinarily condemn everything that is beyond their range.—*La Rochefoucauld*.

Thou shalt know by experience how salt the savor is of others' bread, and how sad a path it is to climb another's stairs.

It is better, by yielding to truth, to conquer prejudice, than by yielding to principle to be defeated by truth.—*Epictetus*.

Black sin is oft white truth that missed its way and wandered off in paths not understood. Twin-born I hold great evil and great good.—*Ella Wheeler*.

There are many troubles which you cannot cure by the Bible and the Hymn Book, but which you can cure by a good perspiration and a breath of fresh air.—*Beecher*.

A purpose is always a companion. An earnest purpose is the closest of companions. To fulfill duties is more than to enjoy pleasures—it carries its own reward.—*W. R. Alger*.

Who giveth love to all, pays kindness for unkindness, smiles for frowns, and lends new courage to each fainting heart, and strengthens hope and scatters joy abroad; he, too, is a Redeemer, Son of God.—*Ella Wheeler*.

Until men are ready to be just when justice is opposed to their own interests, until they are honest when honesty does not seem to be politic, they are not really just, not really honest. This alone is perfect evidence of sincerity in those who advocate a cause or contend for a truth. Then, amid outward destruction and trial there is inward peace.

Contentment produces, in some measure, all those effects which the alchemist usually ascribes to what he calls the philosopher's stone; and if it does not bring riches, it does the same thing by banishing the desire for them. If it cannot remove the disquietudes arising from a man's mind, body, or fortune, it makes him easy under them.—*Addison*.

A SPIRITUAL VIEW OF HEAVEN AND HELL.

An Inspirational Lecture by W. J. Colville.
Delivered at the Oakland Camp-Meeting, June 19, 1886.

(Reported for the GOLDEN GATE by G. H. Hawes.)

Where and what is heaven, and where and what is hell? is our topic this evening. Those two words (heaven and hell) from time immemorial—at all events throughout the progress of the Christian dispensation—have exerted such a powerful hold upon the minds of men that probably they are fuller of significance than almost any other words in our language, unless it be these two sublime words of but one syllable each, "God" and "home." Oftentimes in a single word, in a very short word of three or four letters, an infinitude of truth may be condensed; as oftentimes in the very smallest compass the greatest ideas can be expressed.

In the one word "heaven," embracing all the regions of the blest, all the hopes of the Christian world are centered, and in the one word "hell," including, as it does, the entire domain of human wretchedness, misery and despair beyond the grave, all the terrors of christendom are condensed.

What is heaven? Where is heaven? Is heaven a place? Is heaven a state? Is there only one heaven, or are there many heavens? Where is hell and what? Are there many hells, or is there only one hell? What is the meaning of the word "hell"? These inquiries on the lips of childhood and of age are sounding again and again in the air.

The vibrations of fear—speaking of the torments of hell—are yet felt by many who have partially emancipated themselves from the thralldom of old-time ecclesiastical superstition. But the mind of man is the original creator both of that heaven and of that hell which your own individual mind or spirit may realize, and no matter what your theological premises may be, the creed you espouse, or the doctrine you favor, you can not obliterate human conscience, and so long as you can not obliterate human conscience you will know hell until you are reconciled with conscience, and as soon as you are reconciled with conscience you will know heaven. There can be no heaven unless there be a perfect reconciliation between the impulse of man's highest soul and his outward life; there can be no heaven until your individual life is guided by the divine within you, that ever points out to you the road which is the perfect way.

It is absurd for anyone to indulge in unmeaning sophistry, and thereby endeavor to destroy the very nature which God has implanted in every breast; or if any of you are so thoroughly materialistic, or atheistic, that you object to the word "God" and prefer "nature," indefinite though it be, nature being derived from a Latin verb signifying to be born, (nature meaning that which has received birth from something beyond it, that which is born from the eternal thought, nature being the child of God, the expression or body of God's idea if you choose to use the language of the poet, Pope)—whatsoever may be your own preference in the use of words, we maintain that human conscience, in the nature of things, is a necessary element of human life. You can no more destroy conscience than you can destroy the sun, moon and stars; you may not like them, but you can not put them out of existence; if you do not believe in them they will still shed their light upon the earth; you may not know anything of the sun, but the sun illumines the pathway of the blind man, its light and heat saturate his body though he can not see the light, for were it not for solar light nobody could exist upon the earth. As the sun shines in the heavens, as it sheds its light and heat upon all, as nothing can be hidden from its beams, as they who know not of it are enlightened by it, even as are those who consciously bask in its radiance, so the candle of the Lord (to use an old Hebrew metaphor), the conscious moral sense in man is the universal luminary of mankind; it is a fact in the universe, it inheres in the con-

sitution of things, its existence is a divine certitude, a something you can no more destroy than you can destroy the principles of algebra; whatsoever is included in the very foundation of life itself is not a matter of human speculation or choice, it is a matter of human discovery. Revelation is in reality discovery, for nothing is revealed to you until it is discovered by you; the principles of the universe are unknown to you save as you discover them; and it is true that human conscience is a universal revelation, a universal discovery. The very word expresses this idea, conscience, meaning collective knowledge, or what all men know together; the word springs from the fact that what we call conscience is the universal possession of the human family.

A great many people ask how did religious ideas come into the world? How did the idea get into the world that there are forms? You have form and forms have made themselves known to you. How did the idea that there are stars get into the world? There are stars and people see them. So with all perception of spiritual truth, truths are in existence and man has found them out, and while there may be a direct divine revelation, and we do not deny the position of those who declare that heavenly messages are sent to earth to enlighten man, while we are not prepared to impugn the veracity of such records as claim to be inspired, at the same time we maintain there can be no revelation, no record, no perception of anything on the part of man until something within man responds to something without man. Therefore the extreme metaphysical position is after all logical so far as the individual is concerned, that the whole universe of which we know anything is reflected within ourselves; whatsoever is not reflected in us we know nothing about. Those who have studied the law of optics declare that no one ever sees anything real, he simply sees the impression which an object has made upon the retina of the eye, and that impression has been afterwards transferred to the brain. If an object makes no impression upon the retina, or if there is no connection between the retina of the eye and the brain, then man knows nothing about anything through the agency of sight. If anything that produces sound makes any impression upon your auditory nerves, or if those nerves do not report to the brain, you do not know anything of the sounds in nature. While it would be folly to say there is no music outside of us, it is all in ourselves; there are no colors in nature outside of us, they are all in ourselves; it is, notwithstanding, the light of wisdom to declare there are no sounds in nature of which we know anything which are not reflected or reproduced in ourselves, there are no sights in nature we know anything about which are not duplicated in ourselves, because sights and sounds must enter into us, we must receive them into our own being and consciousness before we can realize them.

So with regard to all the joys of heaven and all terrors of hell; so with regard to all truth concerning God, or any truth there may be in connection with the doctrine of a devil, there can be no kingdom of heaven for you unless that kingdom of heaven is within you; no kingdom of hell for you unless that kingdom of hell is within you; there can be indeed no God for you unless God is within you, and certainly there can be no devil for you unless the devil enters into you and you partake of a nature which is diabolical. Every individual represents in himself either the kingdom of God, or the kingdom of the adversary. According to the New Testament Jesus said, "If the light within you is darkness, how great is that darkness," and did he not declare that the light within is the only light by which we can perceive the truths of the kingdom of heaven? And then turning to the multitude—yea, even to the avaricious, even to those who rejected truth and who were not yet alive to their spiritual possibilities, he said, "The kingdom of heaven is within you," not within them. The kingdom of heaven was within the publicans and harlots in the same sense in which undiscovered jewels are within the earth, and unfound pearls are under the ocean waves, but gems are not discovered until a time comes when some diver brings them to the surface, or some one making explorations, or digging comes, perchance without expectation, or perchance as the result of his effort upon gems long ago,

deposited in the earth.

Man, as a rule, does not know what he himself contains, as he does not know what the earth contains. The earth has accumulated its treasures of gold and silver, its copper, iron and oil, age after age, but only a few years ago the mines in this State, the silver mines in Mexico, the oil mines in Pennsylvania, were discovered and worked by the present race of men. The oil, the silver, the gold were there awaiting recognition, but of no practical use to you until you discovered them. Still all was there and you constantly walked over the places where most wonderful deposits were hidden, though all unmined of the treasures beneath your feet.

Now if any one says, "Is there a heaven within me when I do not know anything about the kingdom of heaven? I do not know there is a divine soul within me, I do not know anything about a soul, I do not know about my material organism and something called 'intelligence' which I suppose is evolved by electricity, and is in some way the result of molecular motion; I do not know anything about immortal life; and if a spiritual nature is given to me in common with all humanity why do I not realize it?" What is your answer to such a querist?

Surely you must take ground that for the very same reason that causes you, when you have gold and silver mines upon your own land, to walk over them, not knowing anything about them until you dig deep enough to find them, until you have sounded the depths of your own inner nature and discovered what there is hidden within you, until you have found out the divine realities and possibilities of your spirit, you remain in ignorance of the soul and its destiny, just as the astronomers of old were in ignorance concerning the existence of such planets as were not discovered until the days of Herschel and later astronomers. All spiritual truth is revealed to, or discovered by man in precisely the same way as that in which stars are discovered by astronomers. No telescope upon earth has any power to create a star, but without a telescope the ordinary eye of man will not enable him to know anything about many stars. A microscope has no power whatever to create a single speck or mote, and yet without the aid of a powerful microscope man would know nothing of what Professor Tyndall calls, "floating matter in the air."

If at any time in the world's history there have been seers, men and women possessed of telescopic vision, if there are any mediums upon these grounds to-night who can describe to you by the aid of clairvoyance, psychometry, or any other spiritual gift, your spirit friends or your spiritual capacities, they may have no power to call spirits up from the vasty deep, no power to call them down from supernal spheres, but they have a power to see them in a spiritual sense and to describe them, just as a man with a telescope has power to see many a star and declare their presence to those who are not provided with such an instrument.

If in any age of the world, past, present or future, certain claims have been, are, or shall be made for mediumship or seership and we are asked, "How is it that here and there we find people supernaturally endowed, who know so much more than others about the spirit world? Why is it we do not all know equally much about it?" We reply, by asking why does not everybody know equally much about the starry firmament and the motions of the planets? Why does not every one know equally much about the constituency of the atmosphere and the infinitesimal creatures that people all the elements of earth?

We believe that such an illumined man as Emanuel Swedenborg, for instance, whose treatise upon heaven and hell and the intermediate state or world of spirits, is one of the most interesting volumes in spiritual literature, was specially chosen in the last century by the angel world to convey in Europe to the receptive minds in the old world that degree of knowledge concerning the spiritual life they were prepared to receive; and as the very title of our lecture, "Heaven and Hell," will suggest Swedenborg's treatise to many minds, we will relate a few of our own experiences in the spiritual life, and compare them to some extent with those of Swedenborg—not for the purpose of commending to you one teacher in prefer-

ence to all others, but merely for the sake of showing from our standpoint, as far as we can, the reasons why in certain instances the visions of Swedenborg, like those of Dante in a previous century, were colored by the beliefs and traditions of the churches and populace surrounding the seer.

When Dante was conducted in the spirit by Virgil, according to his narrative, into the infernal as well as the supernal world, he was writing for a Roman Catholic people in a country where the Catholic church was established by law. He had been brought up in the Roman Catholic faith, and therefore his interpretations of what he saw, the outward coloring, all the merely outward forms of expression, were made identical with those of Catholic theology as expressed in Catholic art. But if you can read between the lines when studying the visions of Dante, you will find they by no means necessarily indorse the dogma of everlasting punishment, as no finite mind can see into futurity to an unlimited extent. If you admit the existence of an infinite mind, you may be sure God knows the end from the beginning, but Jesus was surely right when he said, "The day and hour knoweth no man, not even the angels in heaven." He declared the "son of man," and even the "son," meaning the spiritual discernment of mankind, ignorant of the "Father's" knowledge (the "son of man" represented the highest type of manhood then upon earth). Now if any human being still on earth is escorted by some human spirit dismantled of clay, and is by means of such escort enabled to see into the world beyond the grave, though he may see the actual condition of the spirit world or a portion of it at any time, he merely sees the condition of certain minds, states and localities at the time when the vision is granted him. Suppose, for instance, any or all of you were endowed with such clairvoyant power to-night as should enable you to see into the city of Mexico, and describe everything going on there, you would see the audiences gathered in the theaters, and the performers; you would see the business transactions taking place in the markets and on the streets; you could in a word, accurately describe the city and its inhabitants; but how long would your report remain true? To-morrow morning the people would be very differently distributed. Many people who on Saturday night would be found in a theater, on Sunday morning would be assisting at mass in a Catholic church, the banks and market places crowded by day would be deserted at night; and many people who were living in the material form one day would on the following be denizens of the spirit world.

So you see a genuine clairvoyant description, a remarkably correct vision of a seer may not be true permanently; it is only true as a description of actual existence at the time of the vision. Therefore if heaven were opened, if hell were opened, if paradise and purgatory were opened, and you could see plainly into the spirit world to-night you might declare you absolutely saw certain spirits in despair and darkness, you might absolutely see some spirits in cleansing fires, and as absolutely see other spirits in realms of unalloyed bliss, among celestial thrones and choirs and harps, with harpers playing upon their golden wires, and such a description of particular states might be perfectly accurate at this moment, and yet not tally at all with an equally correct description given of the condition of those same spirits on another occasion, for in the spirit world everything is subject to change, even as on earth, if by the spirit world is meant such conditions of existence as follow directly upon man's exit from the physical tenement.

There are on earth to-night many who are positively in despair, who to-morrow morning will wake up into joy and gladness inconceivable, while some who to-night are feasting and rejoicing, to-morrow may be the victims of the most terrible catastrophe. And as on earth human conditions are forever changing, human states of mind are forever altering, and as no vision of man or his environments relates to eternal and immortal life, but only to a transient phase or expression of existence, we take it that every seer actually describes what he sees; that every vision is a reflection of something that exists at the time it is seen,—in a word,

(Continued on Third Page.)

Written for the Golden Gate.]

Home Life in the Clouds.

BY LAURA A. BAKER.

NO. 3.

There is an air of purity about a little child that makes you feel acquainted with it as soon as you see it. This one was such a sweet little thing, and looked so frightened, I felt sorry for it immediately, and took it in my arms and kissed it, and patted its cheeks, and called it pet names, and let it lie on my breast awhile. It looked up in my face with such a dear, confiding look, and smiled so sweetly that my heart swelled with love for it; and it seemed so perfectly content in my arms, that I almost wished I might keep it always. I folded it close to my heart and kissed it many times. I soon felt that I must take it away; and obeying the impulse, I went with it somewhere, I knew not where; but soon saw before me a beautiful palace, all covered with flowers, and trees, and birds, and many people with babes in their arms. I went in and put mine in the arms of a lovely lady who exclaimed, joyfully:

"Oh! that is my daughter's child. I am so glad, for now I can take care of it for her. She had so much to do she could not do it properly. How good God was to send it to me. Come here, darling, and let grandma have her own little one."

I put it in her arms and she hugged and kissed it, and I was so glad I had been permitted to give her so much joy that I cried again; but this time my tears dried themselves, for they were tears of joy, not sadness.

Now I felt at home, and was willing and ready to work for the Lord. Then I felt an impulse to go to an entrance which I saw a little way off. The entrance looked like a great gate with immense arches all along, and tall doors; and I wondered what I was to do there. I could not open such great doors; but when I approached they opened themselves, just as if they knew they were to open, and a boy about twelve years old came in. I looked at him a moment, and then cried:

"Why, Willie, is that you?" He smiled and said:

"Yes, Mary, it is me. How did I get here? And how did you get here? I don't know," he said.

I had not answered his question, and he added: "I was sick, and the doctor said I must not stir, it made me so much worse. I did not care much, for I rather lie still than to move; so I did as he said, and after a while I fell asleep, and when I awoke I saw you. How did I get here?"

"I am sure I can not tell. A lady brought me. But I was buried alive, and could not get out of the grave alone, I suppose. I hope you are not so tired as I was. I felt so tired I wanted to sleep all the time, and when I was awake I wanted to cry all the time. You will have plenty to do to keep you from crying all the time, as I did." Then Willie said:

"What shall I do? I don't see any work."

"Oh! you will find plenty to do soon. God will find plenty for you to do when he wants you."

"God! What do you mean, Mary?"

"Why, don't you know you are dead, and have come to heaven?"

"Dead—I dead,—why, this is funny. You are joking, I'm not dead."

"No, I am not. Did they not bury me at Rose Hill? And have you seen me since until now? Then Willie just lay right down on the grass and cried too. Then I took hold of brother and said:

"Please Willie, don't cry so; it is all right. You may be just as happy here, and a great deal happier, for Jesus is here, and the angels and all the good people of earth. Don't cry any more."

Then the same lovely voice came again and spoke to us. Brother looked up and said:

"Please, sir, may I go home again? I don't want to stay here. Home is good enough for me. Bob, and Barta, and Cora, and the children, and father and mother are enough to make me happy. If Mary wants to stay here, she may; but I shall go straight back home. When they come it will be all right. I will be glad to come with them; but now I don't want to be in heaven."

Then the voice said:

"Why, boy, what good would you be there? They would not see you, if you did go back? They would not know you were there. They would not believe it if an angel from heaven should tell them you were there."

"Well, I would like to try it," said brother. "I believe I could make them know me. I would say, 'Mother, don't you know me, Willie, Willie, your own little boy? Don't you see I'm all right? I am not dead! Just let me try once, and if I can't make them know me, I will come back with you, and not say anything more about it.'"

So the voice said:

"Mary, you may take him back."

Oh, how glad I was. I put my arms around brother, and then we floated away, somewhere, I never knew where, or how; but after a time we saw the grove and all the people. But father and mother were not in the old home; they had moved to a distant city, and we found them in Minnesota. Father had a large office, and Barta's husband was in business with him. They lived in a large house, with

long blinds that came to the floor, and had a large yard and everything comfortable and nice. I told brother we would stay now and not go back at all; I felt so happy. He just laughed and said, "I forgot you did not know we had moved. We came here because father lost his money in a bank failure, and the girls lost all grandma gave them, and so did we boys. Father was poor and mother had to work, and was not well. We boys did all we could to help along, but it was hard work, till father thought of coming here; and since then we have had good times. We can have lots of fun now. Bob is not with us, but he will be soon, and then we will have any amount of fun, he is so jolly. There are so many pretty lakes, and rivers, and waterfalls, and fine drives, and such grand scenery, it is perfectly lovely. We will have the finest time imaginable; we will ride, and drive, and row, and swim, and fish, and bathe, and skate, all the time. Father has a fine horse and carriage, and mother keeps a girl to do the work, and Barta sings in the choir. Her husband is a fine musician, and we will have lots of music. Father sings as well as ever, and mother just sits and enjoys it. She is perfectly lovely. We all just worship her, she is so good and kind. We never mean she shall do any more hard work. She has done her share, and we are going to do the rest now."

We chatted, and laughed, and planned until we went in. We found them all at breakfast. Father was asking a blessing. Mother sat opposite him, and Barta and her husband next, and the little girl between them. Barta was not well, and had a hard headache. She was almost crying with the pain. I went straight to her, and put my arms around her neck and said, "Oh, sister, I have come home again. How glad I am to see you." But she never looked up, or even smiled, but just sipped a little tea and almost cried with pain. Then I went to mother and put my head on her shoulder and said, "Mother dear, don't you know me, your own little Molly?" She only looked at sister and said, "I am so sorry your poor head aches so. Can't I do something for it? I think if you put a wet compress on it, it will feel better. After breakfast I will get one for you." Sister said, "Oh, no, mother. It will stop itself after awhile," and her husband said he thought a ride in the fresh air about as good as anything. Sister replied, "Yes, that is it. After breakfast we will have a ride."

Then brother went to mother and put both arms around her neck, and said, "Now, mother, don't say you can't see me. I am not dead. I am just as much alive as you are, and will not leave you again. I have been away, but now I have come back to stay. Just look up and speak to me. I am here with both my arms around your neck. You must know me, for I am your own Willie, who was sick, but is now well and happy, or will be when you tell me you can see my face and hear my voice."

Mother just kept on talking about sister's headache and never looked at him at all. Poor boy! He nearly fainted with grief. I went to him and said, "Dear brother, the angel was right. They can not see us at all. We may as well go back. Heaven is all the home we have now." How sorrowful we did feel! Not a single word did they say about us. Oh, how my heart ached for poor brother. He laid his head on my shoulders and would have fainted if the same voice had not spoken his name. We looked up and there stood the same glorious spirit with his pale face covered with tears. He said, "My boy, you promised to come back and say no more, if you could not make them see you. Are you satisfied now?" Brother put his arms out, the spirit caught him, and kissed him, and brother went to sleep on his breast.

How glad I was he came for us. We never could have gone back alone. We went immediately, for our not being welcomed as we expected made us glad to go away again. Brother was not conscious at all until we arrived at home, when he awoke and said: "Mary, was it a dream? Have we been home, or was it a dream?"

"It was not a dream, brother," I said. "We have been home, but they did not know us. They could not see or hear us. We were of no use there, so we came back; and now we will be happy here and wait until they come to us."

Brother said:

"Mary, Heaven is beautiful, surely; but we did want to stay on earth with father and mother, didn't we?"

"Yes, Willie," said I, "but you see it was not best. We will be happy here now, and make a home for them when they come, and we will hope the time will not be long." Brother said:

"We will make a beautiful home then. We will make it of the purest marble, and fit it up like a palace. We will have a music room for father and Barta, and a piano for her husband, and a harp for Bob. Mother shall have a chair all gold, and a bed of pearl to sleep on. Father shall not lose any more money in broken banks, and he shall never have to worry any more about how we are to get along, for you and I will do all the work, and father and mother shall not even have to help cook."

Then I laughed. "Why, Willie, Willie!" I said. "We don't cook here. We only eat." Then he looked surprised and said:

"That is queer. How do you eat without cooking?"

I laughed in spite of myself. "We only taste the essence of food, but do not consume a substance as we did on earth," Then he laughed too, and said:

"Well, Mary, that is the funniest kind of eating I ever heard of. When can we try some of that kind of food?"

"Oh, when we're hungry. You see we never eat only when we are hungry." "Well, I'm hungry now. Get us some essence of something good, and we will have a picnic and think we are home again in Minnesota."

How could I help laughing at the dear boy's remembrance of earth-life. I let him go on until he was satisfied, then I said: "Dear brother, we do not talk that way here. The God of Heaven, who gave us all these beautiful things, would not be pleased if we were rude or boisterous. We never use slang, and never say anything to harm any one. Even the meanest of people would feel hurt to hear their friends spoken ill of. You must strive to forget all the wrongs father has sustained. Remember he, too, may have done wrong at some time; and how badly we would feel to hear it spoken of. We are always polite here. We are never loud or noisy, but only happy. You must be willing at all times to do whatever you think of doing. Just obey every impulse without asking any questions or waiting to think of it, and you will be as happy as a bird. Don't think about what you used to do. It will be foolish, for the old life can never return, and never let any remembrance of earth-life induce you to speak of it unkindly. What do you think of now?"

"I think I would like to tell mother we are going to stay here and not go back to her again, because she did not know us."

"Well, go and tell her."

"Where shall I go?"

"Start and you will go right." Then he started alone. I followed to the entrance, but he needed no guide.

All the time I was talking to brother I felt knowledge pouring into my brain. I did not know any more than he what was best for him to do; but the words kept coming, then I knew I was to teach him as the ladies had taught me. We do not have occasion to know everything at once. Little by little we grow in knowledge. We were both young, and our life experience had been happy; therefore, regret had no place in our hearts, and we had nothing to do but look around and be happy, or sleep, unless we felt an impulse to go somewhere, which was a still greater pleasure, or say something to some one, then the knowledge of what we were to say came suddenly to us.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Have Animals Souls?

BY C. A. REED.

The above heading, which appears in the GOLDEN GATE, April 9th, taken from *Light*, and written by A. J. Perry, reminds me of an incident which occurred at one of our society meetings a few Sundays ago. A friend—a lady who is a very fine clairvoyant—came to me and said: "Brother Reed, I want to tell you what I saw around you while you were making the invocation this morning. Standing by your side, a little back of you, was a lady whose features bore a slight resemblance to your own; her hair was dark and wavy, her eyes were almost black and very piercing, and she seemed to be holding a crown over your head, as if she would place it thereon; while, reposing at your feet, was a large white dog, with shaggy, curly hair, and he seemed to be on the watch, as if he would keep you from harm. I do not know the meaning of this vision, but they both seemed very near to you, as if they had in earth life been associated with you."

I said to her, "The description you have given of the lady answers to that of my mother, and I remember that when I was four or five years old, my father had a large white New Foundland dog that was extremely fond of the children (five of us). He would attend us to and from school, be with us in our rambles, take part in our childish plays, and always defended us against outsiders, so much so that he obtained the name of being savage, and my father resolved to get rid of him; and when he went to Boston (eighty miles distant), he sold Bowser, and returned without him, very much to our annoyance. On the second night after father's return, old Bowser came home, tired almost to death. After caressing all the children, he went to his kennel, where he remained for a long time. My father learned subsequently that the dog had been kept shut up for twenty-four hours after he left, so Bowser had made the journey in a single day, and probably without food or rest. But his return cost the poor dog his life, for some one shot him soon after, and so he died a martyr to the love he bore the little ones."

Has not old Bowser's spirit survived the change called death, and may it not still cling to those he loved? Who knows? I am sure I shall be pleased to meet him "over there."

I have heard, with admiring submission, the experience of a lady who declared "that the sense of being perfectly well-dressed gives a feeling of inward tranquillity which religion is powerless to bestow."—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

Faith, the stronger for extremity, becomes prophetic.—*George Eliot.*

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Professional Mediumship.

BY ALBERT MOATON.

I have yet to learn of an instance where Catholic or Protestant church organs have denounced the priests and clergy for accepting fees for performing masses, marriage or funeral services; yet, in many instances the clergy are in receipt of salaries much larger than they could command in any secular business. One of the most unpleasant experiences the honest professional medium has to encounter is the feeling of injustice engendered by the attempt to get something for nothing, and the assertion so frequently made, that mediumship is a gift of God, and should be freely exercised for the benefit of humanity "without money and without price."

Mediumship is no more a gift of God than any other attribute of humanity, and when the eloquence of the lawyer, statesman and clergyman, the talent of the artist, poet, writer or actor, are no longer considered as entitling their possessors to pecuniary reward for the exercise of these gifts, this argument may be consistently used against pecuniary returns for the invaluable services of mediums—not until then. The example and words of the gnostic Nazarene are very frequently cited, but conditions are now somewhat changed. Suppose a medium in these times starts on a mission, fired with a holy zeal to heal the sick, comfort the afflicted, and spread the knowledge of progressive life beyond the grave and the inestimable consolations of communion with the loved ones gone before. If, clad in a single garment and shod in rawhide sandals, such a medium were to be found helping himself to corn or figs, without scrip in his purse wherewith to pay for his frugal fare, he would speedily end his mission in a lunatic asylum or calaboose. The picture is not too highly colored, and it is doubtful if any public medium exists who has not been subjected to humiliating conditions and comparisons by those who are as despicably mean in one way as the mercenary pretenders to mediumship who defile our ranks are in another.

My attention has been recently called to this subject by articles in some of the spiritual journals, and I desire to present an abstract from and able vindication of paid mediumship from the gifted writer and lecturer, Emma Hardinge-Britten, recently published in the *Medium and Daybreak*.

Mrs. Britten has probably received as large rewards for her labors in the spiritualistic field in America as any lecturer, but her compensation, in a material sense, has been but a trifle compared with the reward her great talents as a dramatic and lyric artist and writer would have yielded her had she not given up brilliant prospects to enter upon her grand mission as a spiritual teacher. The opinions of such an indefatigable worker and cultured lady are entitled to the highest consideration. Mrs. Britten says:

"I believe that which is not worth paying for, is not worth having. I believe that all talents, natural or acquired, are legitimate sources of earning a livelihood, and all persons who have such resources are impelled by nature and the usages of common life to turn their talents to their legitimate use; hence it is very seldom (though not invariably) that those who have anything worth the world's attention offer it for nothing. I believe all natural endowments to be equally sacred. Believing that mediumship stands in precisely the same category as the skill of the artist, the strength of the operative, or the acquisitions of the mechanic, etc., I fail to see why all those should earn their bread by their gifts, and spirit mediums be debarred from doing the same. Spiritualism teaches justice—justice to all. Is it justice for committees who are many, and can each contribute the mite that makes the pound to have their opinions represented, to ask the spirit medium, who is one only, to contribute time and service to represent the many? Again, I hear of 'spiritual shops,' 'talking shops,' and every other kind of language that can tend to throw discredit on the work by which the accomplished spiritual speakers bring light, truth, immortality, and a better impulse to action, to humanity. Let me ask these cheap revilers what kind of shop do they keep, and, whatever it may be, don't they live by it? And again, where would Spiritualism be now but for professional mediumship? I, who have been in the work from its commencement, can testify that but for the public meetings, where thousands could hear the glad tidings and become stimulated to inquiry, there would have been no Spiritualism—as a cause; and but for professional mediums, where inquiry could be conducted without committing the inquirer, there would have been no proof of Spiritualism. Ladies and gentlemen in private life won't sit for the public, or do so very rarely, and never afford the opportunities for tests that professional mediums must give."

"In place of this commonplace and Pharisaical cry against professional mediumship, let the Spiritualists help to found a 'school of the prophets,' where young people, gifted with the ability to move the world, can learn to do so in acceptable forms and good language; where they shall polish up by knowledge and education the instruments on which the angels

are expected to make heavenly music; where they shall be taught noble principles, and pure and useful lives. Think not that persons thus devoted need flatter themselves with the prospect of leading a life of ease, indolence, or even of book-learning. To visit the sick, comfort the afflicted, perform the sacraments needed by law, and spend a life of incessant use and ministry is demanded, and ought to be the office of the spirit medium. But when the world will give in exchange for all this, rent, board, and clothing for nothing, then and then only, may we set apart the spirit medium as the anomalist of the world, the only one who can or ought to live without compensation for services rendered."

"In the meantime, for the reasons given above, and many others, I will not, in my own person, set the bad example of working for nothing; and I would, and shall, strenuously advise all spirit mediums and speakers to follow my example. I will now, as ever in the past, freely give service for charities, reforms, etc., etc., though I believe when labor is properly estimated the necessity for charity will cease. I am quite aware of the abuses that too often mar the uses of professional mediumship, but I also remember that the useful steel that cuts our loaf may be employed to take our neighbor's life; while the wheat which may be used to make our daily bread may also be turned to abuse in the form of distilled liquors. Do we expect that our ranks shall be free from all the frauds, shams, and adulterations that fill the Christian world from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot? A true Spiritualist, whether a medium or not, would not dare to shipwreck his own soul by doing wrong. The phenomenalist must be gratified; and hence a large portion of the fraud that has disgraced both the public and private work of mediumship. None of this, however, affects the principle on which I found my plea, viz., the dignity, rights, and sacredness of labor; the justice due to spirit mediums as to every other class of laborers; the imbecility of substituting a public representation of our cause too worthless to claim or merit payment, for the irresistible powers of logic polished by education, or the phenomenal gifts which require all the medium's time in these exercises. And lastly I plead for the realization of the ever new though very old, but eternally just proverb, 'The laborer is worthy of his hire.'

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Push Forward.

BY ELLA L. MERRIAM.

Let us persevere against all opposition, in our spiritual progression, and not, from our more fortunate mental elevation, hurl any antagonistic missiles upon those who have not yet received the light that warms our hearts and guides our minds into pleasanter, purer and deeper channels of progressive enjoyment. Let us endeavor, by a life brightened and made better by our mutual privileges and spiritual enlightenment, to demonstrate to them the benefits of progression over non-progression. Let us not waste our time in useless argument upon, nor in attempting to comprehend the Infinite, but by investigating His perfect works, by endeavoring daily to develop those embryonic virtues He has placed within us, by constantly reaching higher and higher, morally and mentally, intellectually and spiritually, we may approach nearer and nearer to the ever unapproachable Infinite—may comprehend more and more of the incomprehensible Deity! The finite, even after countless cycles of progression, can not understand, nor can imagination paint the indescribable, unknowable and inconceivable author, ruler, and principle of life itself!

THE HAPPY WOMEN OF FRANCE.—

There are no happier women in the world than French women. Their lives are full of occupation, and a busy life cannot fail to be happier than one in which idleness throws down the barriers that shut out *ennui* and imaginary ailments. A married woman in France systematically fills her time with business or pleasure. For every hour there is laid out an appointed pursuit of duty or pleasure. Her house and family at her first care, but although an irreproachable wife and affectionate mother, she does not let her duty take the form of drudgery. She knows her own value and fully realizes the importance of keeping her health and nerves in excellent order, so she will not suffer her cares to master her, but wisely arranges everything with careful method and allows herself time for social intercourse, for music, reading, walking, dining and amusements of whatever nature she fancies. She is very practical, and by her systematic method of life, preserves herself from the countless worries that make life a burden to our women.

It is almost impossible, after all, for any person who reads much and reflects a good deal, to be able on every occasion to determine whether a thought is another's or his own; nay, I declare that I have several times quoted sentences out of my own writings, in aid of my own arguments in conversation, thinking that I was supporting them by some better authority.—*Sterne.*

I know
That care has iron crowns for many brows.
—*Holland.*

(Continued from First Page.)

that all the phantasmagoria presented to the view of the seer or the clairvoyant is a description of some portion of the spirit world, of some scenery in the spirit world, of certain customs and modes of life which are as natural there as are corresponding states in this world.

Now, here in this world there is no absolute connection between man's outward and inward life, because in this world we witness no absolute power of spirit over matter; you are all at present affected to a very large degree by external limitations; you are often compelled to be where you do not wish to be, and you have often to engage in work you do not wish to do; as you have to earn a living, *i. e.* to provide for material necessities, you are not like to remain in the employ of a certain person, but you feel obliged to continue in your present situation; you may be compelled to live under the same roof with people whose society you do not enjoy, because while in the material state you can not perfectly regulate your surroundings to accommodate your wishes.

Now, in the spiritual world, there are no such external limitations; exactly as Swedenborg says, "every one goes where he wishes to go." If any choose a hell, the reason why they do not go to heaven is because they love hell better. It may sound singular to some ears to say that people go to hell from choice instead of to heaven; but we can assure you it is no more singular than it is that people in this world sometimes prefer going to gambling houses or to a whisky saloon to going to church—to going to places of innocent amusement, or to staying at home and enjoying social and family life. There is no law that commands the opening of liquor saloons, no law commands any one to get drunk, or to play cards, or to gamble; if there is any law put into force in such matters it is to close such places and make it impossible for men to visit them and continue drinking, gambling and other evil practices; therefore if people in this world (to use a common expression) go to the dogs or the devil, they do not go to destruction because they are forced by the laws of their own country, but because there is something within them that leads them in downward direction; they go to hell because they wish to go there; they go in opposition to the law, in violation of all the restraints society would put upon them; they go in violation of the law, in defiance of it; therefore instead of practicing evil because they are by law compelled, they go on in evil courses from choice, while they are not allowed by the law to do so; the law at length seizes them and they are put in prison; but after they are released, they will go to evil haunts again, because such places have for them a fatal fascination.

Just so long as there are hells on earth, and people deliberately make hells and patronize them; just so long as the wife cannot restrain her husband from going to the hell of liquor, or to the hell of lust, or the hell of gambling; just so long as the love of evil remains in the human mind, will there be hells in the life beyond.

While there is no law that compels the opening of places of evil, no law commanding people to patronize them, still there is no law in nature that absolutely prevents you from doing wrong, when you wish to go astray; yet, as there is a law in nature that causes you to see demons when you drink, so there is a law that will make you suffer whenever you transgress, and the suffering will continue till the working out of the penalty has redeemed you from the power of evil.

But if any spirits say I am with devils, I am in hell, but I am dissatisfied; I long to be in heaven, but God will not allow me there; we say to you the very moment any spirit wishes to arise to a higher life, the very instant there is the slightest desire on the part of the spirit to be free from its dark surroundings, guardian angels become visible; without numbers the bright and shining throngs of immortals stand ready to lift the fallen ones out of degradation, to dispel the gloom and introduce them to the realms of immortality.

There are some people on earth who may be willing to receive a fallen person into their employ; but whenever they do they always find it necessary to advertise their own virtues and the guilt of some one else so loudly to the world, that everybody distrusts the fallen person, whom, they say, they are endeavoring to reform, and the result is that the atmosphere of suspicion which is brought around their protégé, often compels such ones to fall back again into their old evil ways.

But in the spirit world the angels do not thus behave. If a spirit be ever so dark, fallen or degraded, all the higher ones play the part of the Christ to the Magdalen; they whisper, "neither do we condemn thee, go and sin no more." Their "go and sin no more," is no empty phrase; it is never the eloquent rhetoric of self righteousness, but it signifies the offering of their love, sympathy and aid. In the spirit world you will find the angels make it as hard as possible for you to do wrong, and easy as possible for you to do right. Everything is done to rescue the fallen, (save absolute coercing of individual will,) by moral suasion, deeds of love, intellectual argument, the explanation of every blessing and every joy that comes from right living. No one in spirit life can say truthfully for a single moment, "Oh! I would be among the angels, but they will not have me"; but unfortunately here on earth, many and many an out-

ward hell is populated by those who would fain enter heaven. Here on earth many and many a woman who has fallen in an hour of weakness, is hounded out of all decent society, while the man who was the cause of her fall is received in what fashion calls the best society; he may be illustrious in the nation, he may be a senator, a congressman, even the very highest place in the people's gift may be open to him; but what of the woman? If she tries to climb up the steep stairway into an honorable life, she is pushed back, and too often by those who professedly represent virtue.

What kind of virtue is it that forces those who have fallen to remain fallen? What kind of virtue is it that encourages those who are the victims of crime to remain in the kingdom of darkness? What kind of religion is it? What kind of love? What kind of reformatory endeavor that does not encourage every one who has fallen, and not only encourage but absolutely persuade, and go out after the lost sheep to remain unsatisfied until every stray sheep has been found and brought home?

In spirit life all spirits in darkness are regarded as lost sheep; the angels who go after them are like unto the good shepherd, who leaves the ninety and nine who are safe in the fold and goes out into the desert to find the one that is lost. If tonight your boy or your girl wanders out upon the streets and enters haunts of darkness and ill repute, remember we do not tell you there are crowds of evil spirits ready to drag that child to perdition, but we do tell you there is not a single evil haunt that is not surrounded by those who were once themselves evil when on earth, and who are now working themselves out of evil and its consequences by warning others against that very form of evil which occasioned their own fall.

We tell you that after passing into the spiritual world, all spirits sooner or later discover the folly of their conduct and its evil results; they have so plainly pointed out to them the path to restitution and advancement, that they station themselves voluntarily wherever temptations are presented to humanity on earth to assist humanity in overcoming them. Whenever you commit a sin for the first time, you feel something pulling at your heart strings; you feel as though some one said to you "don't"; that whisper is often from some spirit who is now rising, one who has already commenced his mission by reaching out to prevent others from falling. Whenever you feel something drawing you back from evil, you may distinguish the touch not only of some angelic soul from afar off in a higher spiritual state, but also an angel working through the intermediation of those who now in darkness are being lifted into the light as they become the savior and defenders of others.

The sources of human danger are not in the realm of spirit, but here on earth in your own lower passion; in the psychological influences of such minds as are corrupt, and send forth corruption into the atmosphere, impregnating it with moral miasma, even as the mists arising from swampy districts impregnate the air with malaria. When you are drawn into temptation do not throw the blame upon the spirit world.

Now to turn from the darker side and lead you by degrees to the contemplation of higher things: We have already pointed out to you the golden ladder, the bridge which spans the gulf that divides a Dives from a Lazarus; but that bridge is never spanned by another for you; there is no ferry boat with some one ready to ferry you over; no lift or elevator; no miraculous means provided for your ascension. Dives may call upon Abraham or Lazarus, complaining of his thirst, but neither Abraham nor Lazarus is ever commissioned to do the work for another which each individual spirit must do for himself while working out his own salvation. If there is a gulf to-day between your state and that of the angels you must bridge that gulf yourself. If there is any intervening mountain you must climb it; your own individual efforts must lift you to the higher state; such is the divine ordinance, but there is no way of elevating one's self except by elevating others. No one ever went to heaven alone; you can go to hell alone; you can live in hell by yourself, but you cannot live in heaven by yourself; you are in a hell if you are in your own individual state admiring yourself, worshipping yourself, believing in nothing but yourself, and caring for nothing but your own personal gratification.

We never heard the condition of those in earth-bound states more clearly pictured than during the ministrations of Mrs. Emma Hardinge-Britten, when she declared that it had been shown to her in visions that very selfish people imagined themselves entirely alone in the spirit world, while there were myriads around them; they might be in gorgeous and crowded palaces, and yet complain of loneliness and utter isolation; this was the result of their blind idolatry of self while on earth, which had drawn around them so dense an atmosphere of self that their vision could not penetrate beyond their own emanations, which encircled them as a thick fog generated in a city obscures the heavens from its inhabitants.

Is such a state improbable when on earth your own blindness can shut out the entire world of color? A single speck of dust in your eye may prevent you from seeing the sun by day and the stars by night; a cinder in your eye may prevent you from beholding all the beautiful scenery through which you are passing; so

the cinder of selfishness, the dust of self idolatry will shut out all the splendors of the spirit world. If you worship yourself on earth, yourself is your God; you care for nothing but yourself; you go into the spirit world and have yourself and self only. If you see nothing beside yourself, you will at length become tired to death of yourself; you will seem to be placed in apartments composed of looking-glasses, in which you are perpetually reflected. Any one who lives for self only while on earth, who does no injury to anybody and no good—one who lives merely for the gratification of his own vanity—will have no punishment in the spirit world but to feel alone with himself; and until he cares for and works for some one beside self he can never better his condition; he can never find the path of exaltation until some emotion of benevolence has started in his bosom. In the parable of the rich man and Lazarus the very first inkling of the rising change is to be detected when Dives desires that an angel be sent to his brethren, that they be warned and escape his torments. What did he care about his brethren when on earth? Nothing; his state of torment beyond the grave developed in him a care for others, and if he had developed this on earth, if he had done his duty to his neighbors, he would never have gone to a place of torment. All hells beyond the grave are merciful; if it were not for the discipline of suffering many would never be ready for heaven. We say, devoutly and reverently, we thank God for hell. The fires of hell are not imaginary; they are real, speaking figuratively, even to the sulphur and brimstone, which are both emblems of purification; and surely every one ought to understand that as sulphur and brimstone are always used for purifying processes on earth, the idea of purification is intended when the terms are applied to that which lies beyond the tomb for those who need reformation.

The fire which is your torment is the divine fire of your own immortal nature. That fire is the breath of the Eternal Goodness; it burns all the tares and weeds of error, all things corruptible and perishing, but it does not and cannot burn the wheat of truth. The unquenchable fire is the fire of God's love, that fire which through your moral sense to-day makes you suffer when you have done wrong, in order that in future you may know and do better. This fire, which is divine truth, burns forever; it follows you wheresoever you go, and is the lever that forever lifts you higher.

People inquire, Is God angry? are there angels who punish you when you do wrong? We answer, angels never punish, but there are angels who are not satisfied to have you remain always at the foot of the ladder. Whenever your conscience troubles you, that is the angel within lifting you to the higher life. When you are ill (and disease is the manifestation of error), the pain you endure is the voice of nature calling your attention to what is wrong with you. We do not desire to cure anybody's pain, but we do want to remove the cause of pain, which is mental error. We do not want to remove blotches from anyone's face directly, but we do seek to expel the impurities in the blood that caused them. All pain of body and all pangs of conscience, instead of being the devil pursuing you, are evidences that God will never forsake you; but if the devil had his way spiritual mortification would set in, and you would be rendered dead or insensible to evil and all the consequences of evil; you would then have no desire to reform, and therefore be unreformable.

There is no devil except the error in humanity. Devils are only fallen spirits eclipsed for awhile in darkness, but there is not a single devil who will not at length become an angel of light. That theology and poetry are essentially true which give you to understand that even the arch fiend was once Lucifer, the bright but fallen star of the morning. That star will shine again resplendent in the heavens. If there be a fallen Lucifer who casts a dark shadow over the universe, that Lucifer will again at some time be a star in the right hand of the Most High. If you study the Scriptures from the beginning of Genesis to the end of Revelations—if you study the poems of Milton, and all orthodox sermons and orthodox creeds—you will hear no devils mentioned who were not once angels of light; then, if once angels, why may they not become angels again? If evil has no eternal past, how can it have an eternal future? Only that which is eternally behind you can be eternally before you. That which never had beginning will never have an end; but whatever began in time will end in time. If in the beginning all was good—if everything was originally brought into existence by divine power—if, in the enumeration of God's work in the first chapter of the Pentateuch, there is mention made of "sons of God," meaning angels and celestial powers, but no mention whatever of devils and hells—then surely devils and hells are merely shadows—mists and darkness arising from an undeveloped earth; and by means of this darkness—by means of earth's probationary discipline, which causes the darkness and shadows in this world—will you be enabled in the future to more perfectly discern and more fully appreciate the light divine, eternal and immortal. Only good was from eternity; only good is to eternity, in every spirit in the boundless realms of the universe, yea, in the glorious universe.* To all eternity good is alike alpha and omega.

* Universe—a term not fully translatable, but conveying the idea of many universes—in infinite being, as there are many solar systems in a universe.

God is all in all. You have before you, perhaps, a temporary hell, but most surely an eternal heaven. You have before you, perhaps, a purgatory—state of purgation—for a time, and then a paradise, which means a condition of waiting or expectation, but only the glories of absolutely pure being in the light of eternity.

When we speak of the ultimate home of the soul, of the absolute heaven, of the "realms of the blest forever bright and fair" to which you all desire to rise, we speak of the eternal nature of the soul of man and of the eternal element in which all souls must eternally abide.

In the spirit world (using that term to express those states which border upon the earth), in those spiritual spheres which are immediately connected with this planet, all earthly conditions of existence are for awhile perpetuated; and were some of you to pass into your present conception of the spirit world to-night, you would find it upon this earth. Remember we do not say, above the earth or away from it, but upon this earth and within its atmosphere is the earth-bound sphere—what the Hindus call the first of the seven ascending spheres between the earth and the celestial realm. Were you to enter this state you would find every earthly idea and every form of earthly government perpetuated.

But in the universal heavens, far above the murky shadows of this sphere, all enlightened minds from all spheres will blend in harmony; all tribes and nations will merge into one glorious unity.

There can be no sect in heaven, and when you enter heaven all outward expressions or limited ideas are lost. The bright and glorious abodes of resurrected, ascended, emancipated souls constitute a kingdom where all is unity and harmony. In spirit life there is ample room for every one to follow out the line of his own particular genius, each one follows the bent of his individual inclination, each cultivates his special gift, each society is free to unite with kindred organizations in the carrying out of its own particular projects. Whatever your special talent or endowment may be, you can sanctify that gift and employ it for the elevation of those below you in spiritual attainment, and for the enlightenment of those on earth.

We assure you that in the spiritual kingdom of heaven, whatever your gift or talent may be, recognized or unrecognized on earth, utilized or unutilized below, in the realm of spirit that especial gift will, some day, be fully rounded out, until at length, passing beyond the heavens directly connected with this planet, you will pass from planet to planet, from system to system, developing gift after gift, and talent after talent as countless ages roll, until you arrive at last to the splendors of the perfected spirit, which beggars all human description, as all the earth's lexicons fail to provide words into which can be translated the actual condition of life in the regions of the ever blest.

PARENTS AND THEIR CHILDREN.—

There is nothing better, nothing so sure of bringing forth the right fruit in the end, as truth. Tell them that obedience requires unpaid sacrifices. Tell him that he need not expect a purse of gold will drop into his hand the moment he denies himself a coveted pleasure. Tell him that the path of duty is often terribly hard, and seldom leads to an oil well, or a seat in Congress, or to a brown-stone front house. Tell him that virtue sometimes brings thorns, enmities, neglect. But tell him that it is virtue, nevertheless, the brightest, the noblest, and the best of gifts; and whatever comes of goodness, it is the one thing desirable, itself above all price. Make him feel that obedience is pleasure, that goodness is delight, that love is altogether lovely, and he will not expect to be paid for the smallest service and be tempted to withhold a kindness when he is not sure of a reward. Parents must cease appealing to the appetites and the avarice of their children, if they would have them anything but selfish and sensual.—*Investigator*.

NEW PROCESS FOR MAKING STEEL PIPES.—

The new method of making steel pipe at Barbach, Germany, is said to be very successful, and the process of manufacture is briefly as follows: As soon as the steel is cast into the round mould, a core is thrust into the steel, so that the tube is formed between it and the sides of the mould. In order to prevent cracking of this annular casting during cooling, the core is made up in such a manner that it follows up the shrinkage of the steel. The steel cup thus obtained may then be rolled in an ordinary train. It is stated that a large firm in Paris proposes to apply the method to the manufacture of copper tubing.

A FARMER, whose cribs were full of corn, was accustomed to pray that the wants of the needy might be supplied. But when any one in needy circumstances asked for a little of his corn, he said he had none to spare. One day, after hearing his father pray for the poor and needy, his little son said to him, "Father, I wish I had your corn." "Why, my son, what would you do with it?" asked the father. The child replied, "I would answer your prayers."

MISS CARRIE BARTLETT, formerly city editor of the Oshkosh Times, now occupies the pulpit of the First Unitarian Church in St. Paul.

Reliability of Spirit Messages.

(From Spirit W. G. Clayton, through a private medium, transcribed for the Golden Gate.)

The question of how far the belief in spirit influences is to be relied upon, is important, since it is often the case that emergencies arise in which those who submit themselves entirely to such direction, feel that had it not been so, they would have been better off. Persons of mature mind should not allow themselves to fall into the error of being governed without exercising their own judgment, since reason was given them for that purpose.

There are cases in which our foresight can avert, or aid in culminating, certain results that may be of material aid to the person consulting us, but there are also times when our aid is not only powerless, but the effect of following the advice received is detrimental. Advice relating solely to the business of money making, for instance, is often misleading. While there are those in spirit life who take an interest in looking into, and assisting in carrying on the business affairs of earth friends, and who may have better facilities for so doing, (so far as ascertaining certain "points" are concerned) still, to trust implicitly to such advice, and not exercise the judgment that experience has given you of the business in which you are engaged, is not wise, as all of us are liable to errors of judgment. We feel this especially since this matter of "business mediumship" has grown to such proportions, and we warn all who visit mediums in search of such "tests" and information, not to merge their own individual feeling in that of the advising spirit. Spirits who follow the business of "adviser," on material affairs are generally those whose thoughts rise no higher than the earth level, and being unsuccessful while in mortal life they feel disposed to continue their endeavors to see wealth accumulate.

We, here, are "many men of many minds" as are you, who are still in the body, and we see the things that are presented to our view from where we stand, sometimes with clear vision—sometimes with no clearer sight than you yourself, from your standpoint, can see the general situation and draw your own conclusions, with may-hap better results than we could have given you. Some of us aim at aiding those in earth life in this way, some in leading their thoughts to dwell upon and examine into the wonderful "conditions" that attend our life after we are through with the rush and turmoil of earth. In this we find ourselves better adapted for successfully expounding the "ways and means" attendant upon advancing the interests of those whom we are addressing, since it is a part of our life at the present time, and therefore we can better discern its possibilities.

We feel a sense of gratification in seeing how wide-spread is the growth of this belief that is to accomplish so much in advancing the spiritual condition of mankind, while still held by physical conditions. We hail with joy the new growth that is springing up from the root of obsolete religious beliefs, and feel that the outcome will be a harvest of knowledge that will astonish even those who sowed the seed and are helping to reap the grain.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

The Road to Freedom.

One of the best romances is just out, "Irene, or The Road to Freedom,"—a pleasing and edifying novel. It opens to view a way for the liberation of woman from popular wrongs. Our pressing social problem, and how to right society, has found something of a fitting solution in this deeply fascinating love-story by Sada Bailey Fowler.

Even to those who but rarely read novels, "Irene" is bewitchingly charming. Nobody could hardly keep from reading so pleasing a fiction as this written in the interest of righteous principle and woman. It is widely different from the usual style of a novel. Nor is it to be compared to the common fiction full of unreal overdrawn events and personages. It has a fine flow of sentiment, is full of emotion, relates social incidents, reveals varied shades of character, and contains much good dialect writing. The authoress is earnest and sincere in her demands for justice to woman. Her's is a trenchant pen—a power in reason for truth and freedom. The plot of her story is ingenious, the story itself being well unfolded.

"Irene" is sensational enough to please the general reader. Yet it is altogether unique. It turns over another fresh leaf of instruction, blazing a new light to shine in the worlds of popular error. The writer of this is never given to the writing of fiction, nor as a rule to the reading of novels, but there was such a charm in traveling over the six hundred and twelve pages of "The Road to Freedom," that after beginning it I was held to the close. The book is nicely bound and can be had by sending one dollar to H. N. Fowler & Co., 1123 Arch street, Phila., Penn.

W. C. E.

Here is a Boston Sunday-school boy, who, when asked to stand up and say his verse, did it thus: "Be not overcome of evil, but come it over evil with good."

GOLDEN GATE.

Published every Saturday by the "GOLDEN GATE PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY," at

734 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

TRUSTEES:

AMOS ADAMS, PRESIDENT; I. C. STEELE, VICE-PRESIDENT; ABILAH BAKER, TREASURER; DR. JOHN ALLYN AND J. J. OWEN.

J. J. OWEN, EDITOR AND MANAGER. MRS. MATTIE P. OWEN, Secretary and Assistant R. E. HALL, General Agent.

TERMS:—\$2.50 per annum, payable in advance; \$1.25 for six months. Clubs of five (mailed to separate addresses) \$10, and extra copy to the sender. Send money by postal order, when possible; otherwise by express.

All letters should be addressed: "GOLDEN GATE, No. 734 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal."

SATURDAY, APRIL 30, 1887.

PESSIMISM.

There has ever been a class of pessimists who seemed to think that this is just about the worst possible world that could have been made; that civilization is a failure, and the best thing we could do would be to burn the court house, the churches and schools, get into a covered wagon and move back to the woods. We have been inclined to believe that this querulous philosophy came from an atrabilious temperament, or from the egotism that resents unappreciated ability, or from hearts that have soured on the world because they have always drawn unlucky prizes in the lottery of life. We were not prepared to find this morbid feeling entertained by Christian ministers. It would be hard to find a more gloomy picture of humanity than that portrayed by Dr. Tobey, in an essay recently read before the Congregationalist Club. He believed that though great strides were being made in the direction of the inventive art, comfort and culture, the world was morally on the retrograde. In proof of this, we are told that the non-church going multitude is on the increase, and the average piety of the church at a very low ebb. So bad had the world become that an awful judgment in some shape is impending. Some of the members of the Club thought the picture a little overdrawn, but all agreed that things were very bad, and there was much cause for alarm.

With all due respect, we regard all such bod- ing fears as morbid and unwholesome. Mr. Lecky, in his "History of European Morals," makes the statement, that the law of evolution that has climbed from Mollusks to man, has also had its career among the moral forces; that there has been in this realm a survival of the fittest, and a steady movement in the direction of better things.

It is true there is a great deal of depravity in the land, its awful and hideous features are painfully visible, but those who think these are the worst days of human history allow the mellow haze of the past to deceive them. They are like the travelers, who return from the old world after lingering for a season in galleries of art, historic cathedrals, under triumphal arches, not caring to visit the alleys of pining wretchedness, the hospitals of disease, the jails crowded with vice and crime. So these old ages come to us clad in the fine drapery of art and literature, not in their rags, ignorance and moral filth. It will cure any one who thinks the world is going from bad to worse, to study the morals of past times, even the best periods of what is called the good old days. He will come out of the dense darkness, ignorance, superstition and brutal depravities as out of a dark tunnel, thankful he lives in an age of so much light and promise.

Then they would not so sadly regret the fewness of worshippers in the church, if they knew what multitudes had manna to eat they know not of. There are other pulpits and sanctuaries where thousands are fed and nourished and made happy. There are many who find more real comfort and joy in a seance room, or at a Christian scientist lecture, than the average prayer meeting. They seem oblivious of the fact that the human heart, by other methods than those employed by the church, is reaching after a life as high as ever Prof. Upham taught or Madame Guion or Fenelon realized.

That a religion has come among us that eliminates all doubt from the mind, casts all care and sorrow from the heart, and enables its devotees to say there is no evil, no pain, no death; who even seem glad when their friends die as they see heaven so near and realize that earth is only the border land of the world of eternal blessedness.

—How infinitesimally seem all a man's worldly fame or possessions when down to the grave he goes! What are earthly titles or treasures to him then, wrapped in that voiceless repose as silently the spirit drifts away from all the materiality which bound it,—out, out and beyond the still white sea, shorn of all mortality? And yet the craving soul of man will toil and fret, and fret and toil, all the years of his pilgrimage for gold and gain, knowing that not one whit of it can avail him aught in the land of souls. The Spiritualist especially realizes this fact and knows that the future state depends entirely on man's spiritual growth and unfoldment.

HUMAN NATURE AND SPIRITUALISM.

If there is one truth more clearly taught in history than another, it is that the most good has always come from placing the highest possible estimate upon human nature. Regarding man as akin to the Supreme Intelligence has ever been the best working idea. We must magnify human nature in order to get the most good out of it. Victor Cousin said: "The mightiest word in the language is the word 'God.'" In this sea all our thoughts are drowned. If this be so, then the term that stands next to it is the word "Man." We shall not find the length and breadth of its meaning these passing years. We drop our plummets into the sea and tell its depths, but are baffled at the possibilities shrouded in the smile of infancy. Forging the star-waves with our calculus, we pause in solemn silence before the mystery of self-conscious life, and wonder what further light eternity will cast upon the problem.

It is a little unfortunate that just as man had escaped from the old Bastille of theology, laid aside his prison clothes and begun to see God's love in the field and sunshine, that science should come along and arrest him as a fugitive from a menagerie. This degradation of man may not be an inevitable conclusion from the premises of Darwin, but the popular result is undoubtedly to cherish the feeling that there is nothing divine in the origin of man, or glorious in his destiny.

Now, it is at this point that Spiritualism has achieved its noblest work. At that period in the history of human thought when science had cast an awful doubt and uncertainty over the hope of immortality, and the pulpit was clinging to the legend of a resurrection as to the fragment of a wrecked ship, Spiritualism brought life and immortality to light in a way the world was little expecting. It came just in time to steady the wavering faith of the church, that there is something in man that can not be discovered by an autopsy, that the soul carries on its face the image of the divine, and folded within it, as a flower in the seed, the prophecy of a hereafter. While theology made man a brute by sin, and science a brute by blood, Spiritualism came along and taught us to crown him with glory and honor as only a "little lower than the angels," for a season.

But Spiritualism has honored and elevated human nature by giving a fresh impulse and a sweeter fragrance to the sentiment of fraternity. The angels are no respecter of persons. They call no man common or unclean. They come as quickly to the poor man's lowly home as the rich man's palace, and talk as freely with the laboring man in blouse and leather apron as with kings, poets or orators. Indeed, as Jesus gave offense to the old Jews by coming into the world at the back-door of society, so it has been a reproach to Spiritualism that it came as a plant out of the dry ground. In this way, Spiritualism, more than any agency abroad, crowns human nature and helps to keep alive the consciousness of universal brotherhood, the common origin and destiny of man.

THE REALITIES OF THOUGHT.

There is much to learn regarding the laws which govern psychic phenomena. In fact, the closest students in these matters find, after years of investigation, many puzzling problems still unsolved. But the careful observer has learned one thing, and that is, to realize the potency of thought in all forms of manifestation—that the inspirational or trance medium, the materializer, slate-writer, psychometrist and clairvoyant, all, are affected by the thought atmosphere by which they are surrounded.

We knew of a case in this city, not many months ago, when a lady tried the experiment of concentrating her thoughts on another who was speaking, to make her fail. The speaker at once showed that she felt something, of course not knowing what it was. She was at a great loss for words, and came near failing. The lady, seeing the effect, changed the current of her thoughts and willed her to proceed, which she did. A number of persons in the audience observed the hesitancy of the speaker, although they were ignorant of the cause. Now if there had been one dozen persons in the assemblage with minds centered on making the speaker fail, what would have been the consequence?

That "thoughts are things" no advanced Spiritualist thinks of questioning. Then the query naturally arises, What kind of things are thoughts? They are what you make them, messengers of mercy and love that are "twice blessed," or like a "red-hot-lipped simoon" that carries death and destruction on its every breath. How important, then, that each learn the laws of the thought-world in which he lives; and in no line of study is it so imperative a necessity as in the realm of the spiritual.

Who can afford to make companionship of dark, distrustful thoughts? Who can do his own soul the injustice of secretly cherishing thoughts he dare not give expression, and thus make company of those that, if the world knew, would

cover him shame? Yet the world does know, or at least a large portion of it, for as "a man thinketh so is he." You can not hide yourself from the keen eye of truth. Many a pure and noble life has been blighted by the aura of suspicious minds cast upon it.

It is only when we have learned to think no evil, that we rise to the true Christ plane,

"Have good will
To all that lives, letting unkindness die
And greed and wrath: so that your lives be made
Like soft airs passing by."

MRS. WHITNEY'S MEETINGS.

One of the largest audience ever seen at a spiritual meeting in this city met last Sunday evening at Assembly Hall, to listen to the inspired utterances of Mrs. J. J. Whitney. The immense hall was crowded, every seat being taken and many were standing, notwithstanding extra seats had been called into requisition.

The audience was composed of the very best people, who thoroughly enjoyed the services from beginning to end. The meeting opened with the congregation singing "Nearer My God to Thee," led by Mr. Maguire and accompanied by Miss Minor, who afterwards sang with exquisite pathos, "Where is My Wandering Boy To-night?"

Mrs. Whitney said many had requested her to relate her experiences, "how she became a medium and a Spiritualist," which she proceeded to do in so pleasing a manner as to win the admiration of every one present, many being melted to tears by the pathetic incidents in the tragic death of her son, Harry, and his reappearance to her with his little sister, Maude, in spirit.

Afterward her eloquent guide, Wm. H. Saulsbury, took control of her and gave test after test to many persons in the audience with such clearness of description, accompanied in every instance by full names and relationship of the spirit, as to elicit the wonder of all. How it could be possible for an entire stranger to be so familiar, not only with the dead, but also the living, was a marvel which her listeners could not comprehend. As a platform test medium Mrs. Whitney has few peers and no superiors, especially in the number, variety and correctness of her tests. We do not see how any one can listen to her eloquent guide without being convinced that there is a power beyond Mrs. Whitney that lays bare the secrets of their lives.

The meetings will continue until further notice every Sunday evening, and we advise all who wish for evidence of a future life to attend before they are closed, as Mrs. Whitney contemplates visiting the Eastern camp-meetings early in the season. We commend her to our Eastern friends as a faithful and efficient worker, knowing that wherever she may go she will bring great credit to the cause.

THE COMING CAMP-MEETING.

The Camp-Meeting Association has been very fortunate in securing the large and commodious grounds belonging to the estate of the late General Williams, bordering the eastern shore of Lake Merritt, in East Oakland, corner of Twelfth street and First avenue. This place lies about one thousand feet from last year's camp grounds, on the same street, and can be easily reached by a ten minutes' walk from the Narrow Gauge depot, corner of Thirteenth and Webster streets, and the Broad Gauge station at Oak street, and Clinton in East Oakland, the latter being a little nearer than the others. The Broadway and Brooklyn horse-car line passes the grounds.

A few years ago General Williams spent a large sum of money in grading and improving these grounds, and setting out a variety of shade and ornamental trees, which now cover and beautify the place. Excellent as were the grounds last year, these are an improvement, as they are much larger, and more naturally arranged for camp-meeting use, and command a view of such contrasting scenes of loveliness that nothing seems commonplace. They are about twelve hundred feet in length and three hundred in width, well inclosed, and in such perfect order as to require but little expense to be put in good camp-meeting shape. Near the center is a large open place where the big tent will be erected, and which is now being enlarged one hundred feet in length, an addition of twenty feet to its former size.

The complete arrangements already made insure success, and it certainly will be an occasion to be long and gratefully remembered.

The meeting will open Sunday morning, June 5th, at 11 o'clock, and continue for one month. We hope a large number in the interior will be so situated that they can be present and take part and receive the full benefits of this crowning event of the year.

The exercises will be unusually varied and interesting. All of our best platform talent will contribute, and our excellent test mediums will frequently appear. We have already given notice of the engagement of Mr. J. J. Morse, who has a world-wide popularity both as a man and an eloquent teacher of spiritual truth. His letters are full of enthusiasm and he feels his work is to be greatly blessed among us. We bespeak for him a warm reception and a hearty support.

Mr. Joseph Maguire, of this city, is engaged to take charge of the music, and under his able control this important feature will be particularly attractive.

In the next issue we shall enclose the camp-meeting circular.

—Babu Mohini M. Chatterji, the learned Theosophist who is visiting this country at present, gave, recently, a public address in the South Congregational Church, Boston. His subject was "Human Brotherhood," and the opening sentence was, "Children of one family, and that family of divine origin," and the *Register* says that that was the keynote to the entire address. He paid a beautiful tribute to the teachings of Jesus, and said "of all great saviors, none so forcibly taught the doctrine of self to the service of man, by precept and life, as did Jesus Christ."

"UNANSWERABLE LOGIC."

The above is the title of a volume of spiritual discourses just published at Boston by Colby & Rich, who have sent us a copy. These discourses were delivered in various parts of the United States, not excepting San Francisco, by that earnest, well-read and eloquent speaker, Thomas Gales Forster. The work contains twenty-four lectures on a variety of most interesting, practical and timely topics, filling a duodecimo volume of four hundred and thirty-eight pages, printed in a very elegant style and on clear white paper, making the reading as attractive to the eyes as the contents are to the understanding of the reader. We have read every one of the lectures and can heartily recommend them, each and all to those of our patrons who have time and leisure to peruse the work. It is given to the public by Carrie Grimes Forster, the wife of the author, (as he is now an inhabitant of the spirit land), and she hopes that it may, to use her own language, "prove instrumental in the enlightenment and benefiting of many of earth's children; a 'star to guide to the better land; a chart or 'compass, to direct to the haven of rest and 'peace; a beacon light upon the storm-tossed 'billows of their earthly existence."

Mr. Forster was the son of a Unitarian clergyman and born at Charleston, South Carolina. He was an editor in St. Louis, Missouri, until he became convinced of the truths of Modern Spiritualism. He was then neglected by his relatives and former friends, and even ostracised and persecuted on account of his manly avowal and advocacy of his honest convictions, won by the clearest demonstrations of fact.

We might go on to delineate in detail the characteristic excellencies of these lectures. But that would take too much time and demand too much space in our columns. We will not even name all the subjects treated of in the different chapters, but content ourselves with calling attention to a few of these and making one or two quotations, from which our readers can judge of the character of the rest.

The second lecture on "The Spiritual Body," is especially interesting and instructive, because it shows the errors of the Christian churches and points out the scriptural view and its corroboration by modern science. Our author says:

We know, through the unmistakable phenomena of Spiritualism, that there is another substance connected with this physical body of ours, though separate and distinct in the nature of its composition, a more refined and ethereal substance, of which the inner casket of the intelligent soul, the spiritual body, is formed. And this, I apprehend, is literally the fact and this is the immediate conclusion toward which my remarks have been tending. In other words, the ethereal particles introduced into the system by the process referred to (in accordance with the law of affinity applicable to all substances, visible or invisible) combined with their kindred atoms in building up and fashioning the ethereal or spiritual body; just as do the atoms of grosser matter, in the manufacture and preservation of the outer forms, thus rendering the spiritual or ethereal body as essentially the result of the organic law of growth, by the supply of material from kindred elements, as is the outer or material body. And this, my friends, as I have said, is the conclusion I have sought to establish, and which I have claimed is in harmony with the declaration of St. Paul to the Corinthians: "There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual." And "there are also celestial bodies, and bodies terrestrial; but the glory of the celestial is one; and the glory of the terrestrial is another." Hence, to my mind, the conviction is irresistible as was quoted in the commencement, that "there is nothing in chemistry, mechanics, or physics generally that can authoritatively stamp as unscientific the hypothesis of a supersensual organism, developed pari passu with the physical, and acting between it and the life constantly infowing from the central source of all things. Neither observation nor science has any evidence to offer against this idea. And this divine life within we term the soul, or spirit, per se,—the intelligent principle,—which is destined, in the ethereal encasement of which I have been speaking, to outwork immortal destinies in ethereal realms beyond the confines of time, when the material body shall have been laid aside forever.

Again the twentieth lecture on "Protoplasm" shows the physical basis of life in a very forcible and scientific way. Mr. Forster says:

But the facts and the philosophy of Spiritualism, which are open to the investigation of all, take up man at the point where science halts in its definitions, and carries his existence and his destiny to illimitable lengths beyond the realm of clay, along the pathway where thought and feeling take their rise, the region of divine intelligence from whence all the effects in matter of which I have been speaking find appropriate causes. This great gospel of facts likewise enforces the truth that the laws of nature constitute the harmonious methods through which the forces of nature act, that the forces of nature are reducible to the one force of motion, and that one force an unceasing evidence of the ever-living presence in the material universe of an inexplicable primal cause,—that infinite principle which St. Paul declared is "above all, and through all, and in you all." Spiritualism likewise demonstrates that man's interior nature is an individualized entity, that the thinking principle of a man is an emanation from that divine principle of intelligence which animates and governs the vast congeries of worlds all around us; and that from the nature of their spiritual origin all men are fraternally allied to each other,—thus establishing a spiritual unity corresponding to the physical unity of protoplasmic relations of which I have been speaking,—the individualities of the one destined to alternate decay and renewal upon the plane of the material; the personalities of the other destined to become participants in the beatific and immortal realities of the realm of progressive and still progressing thought. So that this glorious gospel of the skies casts a radiant intelligence over the conditions and relations of time, whilst it demonstratively furnishes

"The golden key
Which opens the palace of eternity."

—Congress has appropriated ten thousand dollars, to be used by the National Bureau of Statistics, under Col. Carroll D. Wright, for the collection of facts concerning marriage and divorce. The value of this step is that it will furnish some basis for further legislation on this important matter.

PASSED ON.

At the family residence on Barto Ridge, Axtel, O., on Friday, April 8th, Mrs. Chester King, aged 65 years.

The funeral was largely attended. Hudson Tuttle gave the discourse, and Mrs. Emma Tuttle read the beautiful burial service at the grave, which she has written for such occasions. Mrs. King had been ill with a complicated disease, and was at last stricken with paralysis. During the last days, when seeming unconscious, she called the name of a son, who died seven years ago, in tones of recognition. That was her farewell to earth and first glimpse of the spirit realm.

GOING EAST.—Hon. J. L. York, the Boanerges of the Free Thought platform, leaves early in May for an extended Eastern lecturing tour; he intends visiting all the large cities of the East, taking in Salt Lake and Denver on the way. Dr. York has just returned from a trip down the Coast; he spoke to large and enthusiastic audiences in Los Angeles and adjoining towns. He has but quite recently returned from Australia, where he spent nearly two years and made a triumphant march through the colonies, speaking to large assemblages everywhere, and he and his wife were overwhelmed with favors and courtesies extended them in that foreign land. While the Doctor's special mission is to preach liberalism and a greater freedom of thought, he is in no wise antagonistic to the higher philosophy and manifestations of Spiritualism, and he always so expresses himself, although he has no affiliation with the phenomenon which is of a questionable character. The Doctor carries a certain force into all his utterances which brings conviction with them; he is an eloquent, impassioned speaker, and our Eastern friends, of the liberal schools, should not lose this opportunity of hearing so able an exponent of liberalism. His good wife, whose pen is sometimes inclined to write, accompanies him. We most heartily commend the Doctor and his companion to all grand, progressive souls wherever they may wander.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—Mrs. S. Seal will lecture to-morrow at 2 P. M. before the Society of Progressive Spiritualists at Washington Hall, 35 Eddy street.

—Invalids wishing board and room, with metaphysical treatments, will find good accommodations with Mrs. Cressy, 817 1-2 Larkin street. She is having remarkable success in her treatment of disease.

—We learn from a private letter from Tacoma, W. T., that Dr. T. B. Taylor is lecturing for the First Society of Spiritualists of that place to crowded houses, and that the cause in general is in a growing condition.

—Mrs. Dora Salter was elected Mayor of Argonia, Kansas, at the late election by a larger majority than was ever given to that official in that place, which is accounted for probably by the fact that the women had a voice in the election.

—Mrs. Ada Foye has removed to 116 Ninth street, where she will hereafter give sittings from 1 to 4 P. M., Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays and Fridays. She has engaged Washington Hall for another month where she will continue her Sunday evening seances.

—Mr. George L. Wilson, of Los Angeles, who was so ready to rush into print and offer one thousand dollars to Mr. Fred Evans to obtain writing on his slates, in the hands of a committee, has not been heard from since the challenge was accepted. He probably concluded that "discretion was the better part of valor."

—The Spiritualists of Oregon will hold a five days' grove meeting at New Era, Clackamas county, beginning June 23d. The committee who have charge of the meeting are doing all in their power for its success, and for the comfort of those who attend. Test mediums will be in attendance, and good speakers. A reduction in fare on the railroads has been obtained.

Denmark devotes annually half a million dollars for the advancement of art; while England has for the past two years expended nearly seven hundred thousand dollars for the same purpose. The United States has within the past two years expended thirty thousand dollars. We fear it will be some time before art will be recognized in this country as in Europe.

—The May *St. Nicholas* is full of Spring-tide freshness. The first thing that greets you is a beautiful frontispiece of "Katarine of Venice," the "Historic Girl," whose romantic history is charmingly told by E. S. Brooks. It seems that the May number, more than usual, abounds in picturesque illustrations and interesting reading matter.

—The April *Carrier Dove* is at last winging itself into the home of its readers after some days of delay, occasioned by the removal of that office to this city from Oakland. It contains full reports of the different anniversary meetings held in San Francisco, together with lithographs and sketches of the principal characters of "Watseka Wonder" fame.

—The April monthly meeting of the Illinois Woman's Press Association, held in the Sherman House, Chicago, a few days ago, resolved itself into a regular experience meeting. Each lady, answering to roll-call, told what literary work she was at present engaged in. Of the number present twenty-five were doing editorial work, and many more were engaged as correspondents and reporters. At least twenty books have been published by the members of the Association during the past year, some of which have been decided successes. And thus step by step woman's cause progresses.

—The Board of Trustees of the Mechanics' Institute announce that the twenty-second industrial exposition of the society will open in its spacious exhibition building, bounded by Larkin, Hayes, Polk and Grove streets, on Thursday, September 1st, 1887, and will close on Saturday evening, October 8, 1887, thus keeping open continuously to the public for the period of one month and eight days. The management are going to make the musical feature a specialty this season, and to that end have engaged the celebrated Frederick N. Innes as director of the grand concerts to be given. There will be various other innovations which will add to the attractiveness and usefulness of these popular exhibitions this season.

ON THE WING.

Spiritualism in Los Angeles—Further Victories Over Skepticism Through the Wonderful Mediumship of Fred Evans—A Remarkable Case—Challenge Accepted, Etc.

[EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.]

LOS ANGELES, April 21, 1887.

We reached the city of the angels in the midst of a drenching rain. Not only the windows but the doors and skylights of heaven seemed open, so great was the downpour. But we could rejoice with all Southern California in the aqueous blessing, for it means a bountiful harvest in the coming days. The rain has been abundant in all this southern country, and the people are hopeful and reasonably happy.

Los Angeles, we doubt not, is the liveliest city of its size on the continent. From a population of ten thousand a decade ago, it now numbers fifty thousand, and is increasing at a rapid rate. Eastern capital is flowing in here a steady stream. Fine business blocks and beautiful homes are springing up in all directions as by the touch of the magician's wand. And what mightier magician is there in the temporal affairs of life than money? It can move mountains into the sea, and make an earthly paradise of a desolate waste. Here and round about is some of the finest land in the world—a soil as rich as that of the valley of the Nile, and a climate as soft and genial as that of the Grecian isles. This is indeed a land of sunshine and flowers—a land where the olive and the vine, the orange and the fig, flourish in perfection, and where human life can find more natural enjoyments than in any other spot of earth under the twinkling stars. This stupendous fact the Eastern world is beginning to appreciate.

Spiritualism in Los Angeles is just now at a low ebb. There is no organized society of Spiritualists here, and no regular meetings are held. An occasional speaker enters the field as a sort of free lance, but unless of commanding ability there is apt to be a "beggary array of empty seats." This is from no lack of spiritual elements, for the believers in our philosophy here are numerous. It is the old story of inharmonious caused mainly by disagreements in matters of phenomena. There is enough upon which Spiritualists can agree, it would seem, to enable them to maintain an effective organization in any community with one-fourth the population of this.

The Unitarian minister here, Dr. Fay, is such an able expounder of spiritualistic teachings, in all except the evidence of a future life, and is such a grand soul withal, that many Spiritualists are pleased to attend upon his ministrations. And we can not blame them, for he preaches the true gospel of humanity and brotherly love. While listening to him on Sunday morning last (he speaks at the Grand Opera House to immense audiences), I could not help thinking that if the good brother could only give his hearers something more tangible than a barren hope of a future life—if he could assure them of a verity that death is but the gateway to another and better world—to a life of unending progression upon another stage of existence—if he could bear to them the gospel of this glorious truth, how the hungry hearts of many of his hearers would rejoice.

Man wants the positive proof of another life. The Christian world believes in it through faith, but faith will not answer satisfactorily the question, "Whither, oh, whither has my beloved gone?" The grief-stricken mother who laves the form of the darling babe, that death has plucked from her bosom, away in the cold grave is not content with the blind and undemonstrated assurance that it will be tenderly cared for in some far off heaven. She must know that it has found a shelter in the loving heart and home of some ministering angel—some mother spirit in the Summer Land.

But then there is so much aversion in many minds to everything savoring of Spiritualism—they are so afraid of the name—that we are inclined to think that Bro. Fay is doing more good than he could do as an avowed Spiritualist. He is certainly reaching a class that he could not reach as a minister of the gospel of Spiritualism; and his followers are being led into the spiritual fold without knowing it. A quartet of fine male voices adds much to the attraction of his meetings.

Our first seance here, given to the reporters of the daily press, was, as usual, a grand success. The leading dailies were all represented, and the reporters expressed themselves as thoroughly mystified. Unlike our first reporters' seance, held in San Jose, the writing commenced almost immediately after the slates were cleaned and sealed, and the manifestations were of a most satisfactory character. The crucial test of writing in colors over the lines an oblique cross drawn upon a slate with a slate pencil, was given by Spirit John Gray; and Spirit Stanley St. Clair produced a fine crayon likeness of Father Pierpont; all of which was done upon slates in the hands and under the sharp eyes of the reporters.

On Sunday night we appeared before a large audience at the Grand Opera House. After a brief address by the writer, an able, but skeptical committee, of which ex-Mayor Spence was a member, was chosen. They proceeded with the utmost caution to clean and seal the slates, never allowing them to leave their hands for a moment. A few minutes only elapsed when the committee was requested to break the seals. Some twenty-

four written messages to persons in the audience were found within the slates. Each member of the committee stated the above facts, and declared that he did not know how the writing came there. Other slates were written, and a fine likeness of Mrs. Breed was given by the spirit artist, St. Clair, which I intend to reproduce in the GOLDEN GATE. Other slates would doubtless have been written over but for the inharmonious caused by some unreasoning skeptics present who were unwilling to trust the investigation to their own committee.

We are pleased to note that Mr. Evans' mediumistic powers are increasing. The writing, before a public audience, comes much more readily than at first. Through his wonderful gifts the world will be convinced of spirit power as never before; for through him the truth can be presented in a manner to sweep away all doubts. At his private seances, in nearly all instances, investigators bring their own slates (single and double, and of all sizes), and they invariably get them written full.

A REMARKABLE CASE.

A day or two ago I called on Jennie Leys, the once grand inspirational lecturer, who, for the last eleven years, with an unselfish and a most heroic devotion to an honest conviction of duty, has shut herself out from the world, immured in a little cottage in this city, and has diligently sought to obtain that development which she seeks—the materialization of her spirit guide in the light, and who shall be able to stand by her side on the rostrum. If this were her only object (and it is the only one given to the world), we should consider her life most sadly wasted. But we drew from her, under a pledge of secrecy, other reasons which greatly exalt her in our eyes.

Miss Leys and her faithful attendant, Miss Peck, reside in a plain little cottage on Fort street, the same that they have occupied for eleven years past. The blinds, in front at least, are kept continually closed, and the house appears as if unoccupied. Miss Leys can be seen only by intimate friends, or by representative Spiritualists, who may seek an audience with her, and then only through a glass in a door panel, placed there for that purpose. Sitting with her face to this glass on one side, the visitor takes a seat upon the other side, and is thus able to converse readily with her. And thus we talked with her for over an hour, urging her by all the means we could present to come forth from her prison house, and take the rostrum again for humanity's sake. I sought to psychologize her and thus compel her to open the door and let me take her by the hand and break the cruel spell that has been woven around her; but the intervening window-pane prevented.

The house is anything but cheerful. The floors are bare, and an air of extreme poverty prevails—a circumstance which we would not mention did we not know how readily, with her beautiful gifts, she could raise herself to comfort and affluence. She informed us that during all of these years she had kept herself entirely aloof from all mortal touch, save that of her faithful female companion. For the last six and a half years she had never stepped out of the house, nor stood in an open door, nor sat by an open window. Of course her health has suffered much from this severe discipline; but she is bright and vivacious—the only cheerful thing in that gloomy abode. Her conversational powers are remarkable, and her trust and faith in the invisible unbounded. She has become so spiritualized from her long discipline that she seems more like a being of another world than of this earth. Her hair is white as snow, and her eyes luminous with the glow of a white and beautiful spirit within.

The house where she resides is to be torn down or removed in October next, when it is to be hoped that this gifted soul may be restored to the world, and again take her place upon the rostrum. We enjoyed our interview with her greatly, and left her presence with profound feelings of respect and admiration for the woman who could thus devote eleven of the best years of her life to what she considers a sacred duty.

The following communication appeared in the Express of last evening:

MR. AUSBACH'S "EXPOSE."

COLONEL OWEN'S DEFENSE OF THE SLATE-WRITING MEDIUM.

EDITOR EXPRESS:—Will you kindly permit me a few words in reply to Sala Ausbach's explanation(?) of Mr. Evans' method of independent slate-writing, as published in your issue of Tuesday evening?

We are surprised that so "well-known and expert a juggler" as Mr. A. claims to be, should attempt to impose upon an intelligent public that ancient "fake" of a false bottom to the slates, as an explanation of the writing witnessed by your reporter at our rooms on Saturday evening last, and also by the Los Angeles public at the Opera House on the evening following. Does he not know that the very first thing any intelligent committee would look for would be said alleged "false bottoms"? It is certainly not very complimentary to the discernment of the competent committee chosen by the audience, nor to the sharp-eyed reporters of the Los Angeles press, who had every opportunity to demonstrate the fallacy of the "false bottom" theory, to assume that they could be so easily duped.

At the reporters' seance, one of the very best tests given was upon a single slate in the hands of the gentlemen present—the writing appearing in colors over the lines of an oblique cross placed upon the slate. Would they not have been apt to detect the cheap trick, and have branded Mr. Evans as he deserved to be, had he resorted to any such silly deceptions?

We can give the names of twenty respectable and intelligent citizens of Los Angeles, who have come to Mr. Evans' rooms during the present week, bringing their own slates (double and single and of all sizes), and all of whom have obtained the writing thereon under their own hands. In no instance has there been less than two, and in one instance as many as eight slates, written full.

In the light of this fact, what becomes of Mr. Ausbach's "false bottom" theory? It looks very much as though the aforesaid "expert juggler" was endeavoring to obtain a little free advertising at the expense of Mr. Evans' reputation.

Very respectfully, J. J. OWEN.

LOS ANGELES, April 21, 1887.

And also the following in the Tribune of this morning. The letters explain themselves:

CHALLENGE ACCEPTED.

EDITOR TRIBUNE:—In your issue of this morning, Mr. George L. Wilson, assuming that the writing produced under the hands of the committee at the Opera House on Sunday evening last, was a "chemically-prepared slate trick," says, over his own signature:

I will buy two slates and put them in the hands of the same committee, and if Evans & Co. can write one word on either of such slates, I will pay them \$1,000. I will put the money in the hands of the committee.

While Mr. Evans can not of his own skill or volition produce one word between closed slates, he is willing to try the experiment proposed. As we must leave for Santa Barbara on Saturday morning, the experiment must take place as soon as possible; but no extended time is needed for preliminaries. Mr. Wilson will please deposit his \$1,000 with the committee (of which Mr. Spence, of the National Bank, is a member) at once, and arrangements will be immediately made for the seance. Should the experiment prove a success, we will leave \$100 of the sum in the hands of the committee, to be distributed among the poor of Los Angeles at their discretion.

J. J. OWEN, Manager for Fred Evans.

LOS ANGELES, April 21, 1887.

We await the issue with much interest, as no doubt will the readers of the GOLDEN GATE. The only thing that troubles us just now is the apprehension that Mr. Wilson will "back down."

We have received numerous courtesies at the hands of Los Angeles friends, for which we are truly grateful, and we leave the city with many pleasant recollections.

J. J. O.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Some of the Christian Virtues that Should be Ours.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

What a grand spectacle it would be, if to Spiritualism could be brought the zeal and self-devotion which at times have characterized the adherents of Christianity! These sterling qualities are not lost but latent, held in abeyance for the time, and we believe, were the occasion offered, would shine forth brightly. When we disparage Christianity, let us not be too sweeping in our charges, for on its altar has blazed a divine fire, and though it is now concealed by the grey embers, it has not wholly expired. Once, in ages of darkness, when brutal ignorance brooded over the world, it was the only beacon flame guiding man to purer thoughts and loftier endeavors.

Spiritualism has not done away with the least part of the old that is for truth and goodness. It draws the sponge with kindly hand, obliterating the errors, the blunders, the short comings of the past, but it jealously guards the truth wherever found, in Bible, Koran, Vedas, Shaster, or the words of poets and sages.

When you say you are a Spiritualist, are you certain that you are recognized as such by the angels? By what mark do they distinguish the believer? Acceptance of tests and the communications from the spirit world? Oh, how vastly more is required! How we, as Spiritualists, scorn the shallow pretense that makes Christianity dependent on subscribing to a creed, leaving the life untouched by the living fire which burns up its dross of selfishness and passion. The Spiritualist may well look homeward and inquire if he is not following in the same path. Christianity has held aloft as a divine example the character of Jesus, modified, beautified, idealized, a super-human example, beyond finite power to reach; yet, withal an oriflame which has been the inciting motive to the grandest actions recorded in the past two thousand years. The Spiritualist has modified the God-Christ into a divine man, but the example remains more intimate with humanity, as the man is nearer than the God, even regarding his life as ideal, it is the outgrowth of man's ideality, and if we could not realize these beatitudes of character we could not idealize them; for the ideal is a prophesy of the real. We have the assurance that every child, as well as the one born in a manger, is a divine child, and heir to the possibilities of perfection.

The angels who, from the evergreen shore, bend low in loving care for us, are types of that perfection which is our right and destiny to attain. How? By waiting for the angels who stand by the portals of this life to usher us into the next? Is it not till then this progress will begin, and receive the crown of perfect character? I have talked with devoted Christians who believed in weeping through this life in order to be rewarded in the next; who saw no God beneath the murky skies of this world, but expected to be dazzled by the light of his face in the future. All the time they stood face to face with the Divine, in the blossom and the leaf, in the cloud of clay and the scintillating star; all the time they were spiritual beings, and life's continuity would find no break when the body was cast aside.

The Spiritualist believes that he has already begun his spiritual life, and that God is immanent in the universe. He has not to wait a future, for there is no break in his advancement. Whatever is well for his spiritual life is best for the present. We have talked of the truth and unselfish devotion, of purity and magnanimity, until the themes are threadbare quite, yet are we there they are wrought with our lives, completely, perfectly?

Polycarp, Bishop of Carthage, was brought before the Roman ruler, and commanded to renounce his belief in the divinity of Christ, and offer sacrifice to

the gods of the Empire. Ten thousand spectators clamored in the arena, and the roar of the maddened beasts from the African jungle smote his ear. The judge was lenient; he would spare the life of the grand old man, and said persuasively: "Just say you renounce, and throw the offering on the altar!" Then Polycarp arose, his snowy beard and hair down-falling on his breast and shoulders, and exclaimed: "Burn this body to ashes, and cast them to the winds of heaven; throw me into the arena with the tigers and lions; never, no never, will I renounce the truth!" He did not have the truth, but he had his highest conception of it, and the world and life was as nothing beside it.

The bloody age of martyrdom has passed, yet we are called to defend the truth, and how better defend it than by lives so well conducted as to be a commentary and illustration of its power?

I love communion with the departed, and the magnetic waves of their assuring presence, but better for the life in accord with duty, the chastened spirit of fortitude to bear the obligations of this life, and force even its disadvantages into educating influences, and making its burdens stepping stones to perfection.

MIND-HEALING.—Prof. Swartz in the large issues of his February, March and April numbers of *Mental Science Magazine*, 161 La Salle St., Chicago, (these three for 20c. in stamps) gives the simple requirements, and the reported results in the test of Absent Mental Healing now conducted by himself and wife for numerous patients in nearly thirty States. Effort extended through 1887. No time to answer letters nor begin cures till after you read and follow the requirements in the February number; order them.

TOM CORWIN had an enormous mouth, which, when it opened, was as huge in its way as an alligator's. He once said he had been insulted by Deacon Smith. The good brother asked for further explanation. "Well," said Corwin, "when I stood up at the lecture room to relate my experience, and I opened my mouth, Deacon Smith rose up in front, and said, 'Will some brother please close that window and keep it closed?'"

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

PROF. WAIT WILL LECTURE AT THE DRUID'S Hall, 413 Sutter street, Sunday evening, May 21st, at 7:30 o'clock, on the "Orderly Method of God in Creation, in the Universe of Matter and Mind," and will answer all questions relating to the laws of life. Regulating class meeting at the same place, every Monday and Friday afternoon, at 3 o'clock, and at 124 Golden Gate Avenue, every Monday and Friday evening, at 8 o'clock.

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[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Easter Sunday Jottings.

BY JOHN WETTERBERG.

I find in my hands, this pleasant Sunday morning of the 10th of April, a copy of the *Christian Register* just issued. It is overflowing with the subject of Immortality; so it is emphatically an appropriate Easter journal. Its brief editorial says: "The discussion we present this week on Science and Immortality embodies a remarkable series of articles—eighteen articles by eminent scientific men. There has never been gathered together in a single journal such a distinguished array of opinions concerning the attitude of science towards human destiny, as is presented in these articles."

Now, then, I have a rich treat before me, and when I have drunk it all in, I will in my way give the *GOLDEN GATE* readers some samples of it, perhaps the several conclusions, if I find them, or can make them definite enough.

The editor of the *Register* asks these eighteen or twenty scientific celebrities the following questions:

1. Are there any facts in the possession of modern science which make it difficult to believe in the immortality of personal consciousness?

2. Is there anything in such discoveries to support or strengthen a belief in immortality?

3. Or, do you consider the question out of the pale of science altogether?

Most of the replies to the editor of the *Register* are lengthy, but I will try to give in a few words the substance of them severally.

Charles A. Young, LL. D., Prof. of Astronomy in Princeton College, says: "I think it must be frankly admitted that what is known about the function of the brain and nervous system makes it difficult to believe in the immortality of personal consciousness, but if the real man is not identical with the body, but only its inhabitant and ruler, the presumption that his conscious being ends with the destruction of the body falls at once. The bridge between the mind and the brain has never yet been passed, or even found. I lean strongly to the opinion that the question is outside of the pale of science altogether. The indestructibility of matter and the conservation of energy make it easier to accept of human immortality than it would be if no such facts were recognized. In my judgment the knowledge of life and immortality comes only by revelation."

James D. Dana, LL. D., of Yale College, says: "I am strongly of the opinion and I can say decidedly, that there is nothing in science, or in any possible developments from investigation of Nature, against immortality."

Asa Gray, LL. D., Prof. of Natural History of Harvard College: "I can merely say I do not know of any facts in modern science which make it more difficult than under science of older date to believe in the immortality of personal consciousness. I would not consider the subject out of the pale of science altogether. There are two consistent hypotheses in the explanation of nature, that of theism and that of non-theism. The former of these is the best for the explanation of the facts. Immortality is a probable, but not an unavoidable inference from them."

Simon Newcomb, LL. D., Washington, D. C., says: "I am inclined to regard the question as lying wholly without the pale of science, properly so-called. No one has had any experience on the subject in question. Our nervous systems are so constituted that they can perceive only the material in form, and thus, if disembodied spirits exist, there is no way in which they could make their existence known to us. It does not seem to me that modern investigation has brought to light any new facts which really bear on the question. When it was held that man and the lower animals were separated from each other by an impassable gulf, it was easy to imagine for them destinies which had nothing in common. A consciousness which can survive the material organism and one that can not are of two distinct orders, between which no connecting link is possible. If man as now constituted is only the last in a series starting from the lowest, and if consciousness itself has been a gradual development, then it seems difficult to assign any link in the series in which we can suppose so great a break to have occurred as is implied in the passage from mortality to immortality."

J. P. Lesley, State Geologist of Penn.: "The question of immortality can hardly be said to be affected at all by the methods and results of the physical sciences, as pursued by men of our day who busy themselves solely with material forms, with the functions of matter and what is called its forces, life force and mind force included. Incessant movement, no beginning describable, no end reasonable, no cause assignable, except a vague one that it is analogous to the human will-power, the nature of which is not known. We call our will-power soul; we may call the world will-power God. The will-power is not the whole of man; besides soul there is spirit. The top and front of the brain has as much work and as much right to work as its back or base. These actions are directly related to man's present situation, are fitted for it, and will stop when the situation ceases; that

is at death. But that is no argument for the cessation of the inspiring fancy, the judging reason, the affectionate spirit. In fact this is the conviction of all human spirits, namely, that the present life is not their only chance, is, in fact one section only of their eternal life. Science can not either teach or deny immortality; but every man of science must acquiesce in the fact of the general conviction, and in its probable ground, in some persistent part of our nature. Whether we own this persistent part in severality, in other words, whether we are only individuals as to our will-power, and not individuals as to our other powers, and so in fact are a part of God, is quite another question."

Lester F. Ward, A. M., Smithsonian Institute: "It is a universal induction of science that modification of brain is accompanied by modification of consciousness, and that destruction of brain results in destruction of consciousness. No exception to this law has ever been observed. The facts to support this are multitudinous; it follows, so far as science can speak on the subject, that the consciousness persists as long as the organized brain and no longer. All things that have a beginning must have an end. A phenomenon that assumed to begin at some given point of time, and to continue thenceforth forever is, to the logical mind, especially to the scientific mind, a palpable absurdity. When we contemplate consciousness as the immortal part, it should carry, certainly, constantly with it, the evidence of antecedent states. The immortality of science is the eternity of matter and its motions in the production of phenomena, and science will always object to all unphilosophical attempts to confound phenomena with these."

Edward S. Morse, Ph. D.: "I have never seen any sentiment or emotion manifested by the species man that was not in some degree, however slight, traceable in animals below; and immortality of the personal consciousness for one would, to my mind, imply immortality for all, to the bottom round. I have never yet seen anything in the discoveries of science which would, in the slightest degree, support or strengthen a belief in immortality."

Josiah Parsons Cooke, LL. D., Prof. of Chemistry, Harvard University: "I regard the argument of natural theology as logically valid; moreover, I am persuaded that science confirms the priceless truth which Christ came on earth to reveal; but I do not believe that the unaided intellect of man could ever have been assured of even the least of these truths independently of revelation."

Edward D. Cope, A. M., Ph. D., Philadelphia: "Evidence of immortality can scarcely be obtained by us by direct observation, by any method known to us, excepting in the usual way—by death. It is within the pale of scientific processes to employ legitimate inference from observed facts. There can be no doubt that our knowledge of such facts will increase, and inference then will be likely to give some valuable results." He thinks consciousness the property of some kind of matter, and observation supports the idea of the extinction of personal consciousness, as far as it goes. He goes on to show that mind has power and control of matter in its movements. He enlarges on this subject, and points somewhat to an immortality, and says, "of its nature science can have but little to say," and he closes up his reply thus: "One thing, however, may be asserted. We can not be sure of retaining our personality intact. As we change our personality in the course of time in this life, we cannot be sure of retaining it in another. But we do not regret the change which time produces here, in fact we may generally rejoice at it. Then there is the necessary distinction of consciousnesses from each other. All this may as well be relegated to the region of speculation."

John William Dawson, LL. D., F. R. S., Principal McGill University, Montreal: "Belief in immortality is inseparable from a belief in God, whose children we are, and who can transfer us from this lower sphere to better mansions in his heavenly home."

T. Sterry Hunt, LL. D., F. R. S.: "I think the arguments from the facts of modern science rather contrary than favorable to the doctrine of a future life. Nevertheless, I believe in a conditional immortality, which is not man's birth-right, but the gift of God. My reasons for this belief are, however, psychological and not physiological."

Wm. James, M. D., Prof. of Philosophy in Harvard College: "The whole of my philosophy of immortality is contained in a few words of Lotze, which are as follows: 'We have no other principle for deciding the question than this general idealistic belief that every created thing will continue whose continuance belongs to the meaning of the world, and so long as it does so belong, whilst every one will pass away whose reality is justified only in a transitory phase of the world's course.'"

Benjamin A. Gould, LL. D., Cambridge, Mass.: "The relations between the physical and the spiritual universe can not, from their very nature, be made a subject for what the mathematicians call demonstration. That a profound and unbiased study of any branch of natural science should lead to disbelief in immortality is preposterous. Chemistry affords no basis for the supposition that human aspirations can be evolved from mere combinations of the chemical elements. Physical laws can not be made applicable to what is not matter. A belief in such

a dogma as the resurrection of the body can have nothing to do with faith in the immortality of the individual, who has been, for a season, clothed in and hampered by the fleshly garb from which death has freed him."

Alfred R. Wallace, F. R. S.: "Outside of Modern Spiritualism I know of nothing in recognized science to support the belief in immortality. I consider Spiritualism to be as truly an established experimental science as any other. It is not, however, generally recognized as such."

Rev. Thomas Hill, D. D., ex-President of Harvard College: "Many facts in the possession of modern science make it difficult to believe in immortality. In reply to the second question, I would emphatically affirm that every discovery in science is a fresh demonstration of the immortality of the soul. The progress of modern science, reducing the universe more and more completely to an intelligent order and rhythm, is an ever-accumulating demonstration that the source of all being is in a person who would not hold converse with beings whom he had doomed to perish."

Asaph Hall, LL. D., Washington, D. C.: "Science does not, I think, give a positive answer to questions concerning the immortality of the human soul, and a belief or a disbelief will be a personal matter. Speaking, therefore, for myself, my reply to your question is that the facts of modern science do not make it more difficult to believe in immortality of the personal consciousness. In reply to the second question, I think the discoveries of modern science strengthen the belief in immortality. In all the change and progress to which I have referred, there does not seem to me any degradation of the position of man. On the contrary, I think the soul of man, being capable of such flights of imagination, and such trains of reason, shows itself worthy of a continued existence. Such considerations do not of course amount to a proof, but they strengthen my belief in immortality."

Elliott Coues, M. D., Ph. D., Washington, D. C.: "There are no facts known to modern science which make it difficult to believe in the survival of individual consciousness after the death of the body. There is much in the discoveries of psychic science not only to support or strengthen the belief in immortality, but to convert that belief into knowledge. These questions are quite within the pale of scientific investigation, and susceptible of being answered by science in a way which goes far toward justifying faith by knowledge of the truth."

Herbert Spencer thought the bearing of science, particularly the theory of evolution, does not touch the problem of personal immortality either way, but leaves it substantially where it was before. As to his own individual opinion, he is inclined to doubt. That is, he is not aware of anything that he can regard as satisfactory proof.

Charles S. Pierce, member of United States National Academy, sums up a mass of facts that do not harmonize with belief in immortality, and adds: "But, for my part, I do not see why the dwellers upon earth should not, in some future day, find out for certain whether there is a future life or not. But at present I apprehend there are not facts enough in our possession to warrant our building any practical conclusion upon them."

Daniel C. Gilman, LL. D., President of Hopkins University: "I do not hesitate to express the conviction that man's consciousness of his own personality, with its freedom and its responsibility, will stand firm, whatever discoveries may be made of the evolution of life, the relation of soul and body, for science shows us that all knowledge proceeds from faith, the assumption of premises in which the investigator believes. I anticipate that the day is not distant when apprehensions now felt will be felt no more, and when science will be openly proclaimed the handmaid of religion."

Prof. T. H. Huxley: "The question is, 'Is there any means of knowing whether the series of states of consciousness, which has been casually associated for three score and ten years with the arrangement and movement of innumerable millions of molecules, can be continued in like association with some substance which has not the properties of matter and force?' As Kant said, on a like occasion, 'If anybody can answer that question he is just the man I want to see.'"

Joseph Leidy, M. D., LL. D., Prof. of Anatomy, University of Pennsylvania: "Personal consciousness is observed as a condition of each and every living animal ranging from microscopic forms to man. The condition is observed to cease with death; and I know of no facts of modern science which make it otherwise than difficult to believe in the persistence of that condition, that is, the immortality of the personal existence. I know of no discoveries that sustain the doctrine. I think also that no question is out of the pale of science, though this one may obtain no answer, any more than those of space, time, matter, and the nature of the supreme intelligence or primary cause of everything. If I could resolve that the future state was more desirable than it is made to appear, I would wish the evidence was more satisfactory than it is. I, however, can conceive of no adequate compensation for an eternity of consciousness."

The foregoing extracts from the replies of these scientific celebrities is no ordinary presentation of thought to the think-

ing and religious world. We know what the pulpits ideas are on the subject of immortality of the personal consciousness, and we know they have no weight in the modern mind, for they rest on revelation, and that is not proved, and faith has gone into eclipse. The brightest men in the pulpit to-day doubt revelation, and it is not considered evidence. I will prove this assertion by quoting the words of the Rev. J. M. Savage, who is a scientist as well as a minister, and from Solomon Schindler, the Jewish rabbi, whose utterances command the attention of scholars. Mr. Savage says: "It would give me great content to be demonstrably certain there is a beyond. I count my faith as very strong already. I doubt if any clergyman in Boston has a stronger belief, but if any man says he knows there is a beyond on the basis of any old time doctrine, I know he is saying what he does not believe. If he says he feels quite certain, so do I; but that is not the dictionary meaning of knowledge." Rabbi Schindler says: "Of a future life there is absolutely no proof whatever." Mr. Savage has tried to find proof, without success, and is still trying, and Nico demus like, is investigating Modern Spiritualism as a last resort. Mr. Schindler gives the matter up as one of the unknowables. What these two scholarly men do not know as to the intellectual and religious light that is in the world of thought and letters on this subject nobody in the pulpit does, whatever they may say.

It was the hunger that followed the "sawdust" cakes of theology, culminating in doubt and negation by the rational wing of Christianity (the rear wing is of no account), that led the *Register* to turn to science for light—to see if it had any; and it seems it has none, and these replies, as a general thing, say so. Most of them say there is nothing in science to disprove immediately, but nothing to prove it, or even to strengthen it. The *Register* seems to say, "Watchman! tell us of the night," and as our distinguished friend and scientist, Alfred R. Wallace, says in his reply: "Outside of Modern Spiritualism, I know of nothing in recognized science to support the belief in the immortality of the personal consciousness." It does seem to me that Modern Spiritualism is not only the only hope, but it is the proof that both science and religion need the sensuous evidence that man survives consciously the dissolution of the bodily organization. It is the stone that the builders, all along the line, seem to reject, but as the truth ever comes uppermost, it is to become the head of the corner.

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[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Chats.

BY ALFRED PAWLEY.

Spiritualism, like other sciences, has no royal road. Like Mohammed to the mountain we must go to it. And in proportion to the skill and thoroughness of our investigation will be the measure of our satisfaction on acquaintance with its facts. The cause of Spiritualism is always advanced by intelligent inquiry into its phenomena and philosophy, and so, ever and anon, we find names familiar in connection with scientific discovery and modern progress, ranging into line and identifying themselves with the interests of our religion. Some forty years ago, a gentleman who had witnessed for the first time some demonstrations of mental telegraphy and mesmerism, to him wholly unaccountable, declared that he would not believe them unless they could be weighed and put into a bottle. It is quite likely that this assertion has prevented many of his more negatively conditioned friends from learning more of these things, a knowledge of which, with the ever present opportunity of applying the same, would doubtless have alleviated much unnecessary suffering. Then here begins the question of individuality. Let us realize this question, and the responsibility of our own lives, and act accordingly.

To be unshackled from the fear of public opinion is to have commenced life indeed. Let the watch-word be *truth*. Fearlessly probe all things. The truth will make you free. And if in doubt as to the chance of survival of the creed in which you may have been cradled, remember the motto and discard all that does not stand the ordeal. There is, perhaps, but little conversion to Spiritualism in the sense as understood by our friends the Baptists. Do not be mistaken; the mere acceptance of the fact of spirit return does not make Spiritualists. You must comprehend some of its philosophy and let its principles actuate your daily life. But while I think of it I may as well tell another story. At a certain time and place, it was considered necessary to have a standard "identical test" for all things. The first thing sent in to test was a barrel of whisky—very good. The second was a barrel of a Kentucky rifle. Deponent sayeth not as to the result of the test working with identical success in both instances. Neither can we prove the fallacy or fact of clairvoyance by the test avoirdupois. It may "be easy" to demonstrate the fact of occult power, but much reading and original work must be done after the student shall have had his perceptions quickened by the evidence of successful phenomena. The real difficulty now begins. Information of the required nature is so scattered, that the study of philosophy is but too apt to be ill-advised, if not delayed. It does appear, therefore, that the long felt want would be a *spiritual primer*, containing initiatory information and advice, with suggestions for a course of reading.

Does any one ever notice the frequent press notices of remarkable premonitions? Quite recently, in connection with a notice of this kind, I ventured to remark to a friend that the laws under which those manifestations operated, could be ascertained. Before more could be said, my friend heartily scouted the idea, and expressed his conviction that in no case had psychical experience been known to be reliable. Happening, however, to know of some instance of the kind in the family, the incident was recalled, as follows: Some time in the forties, an aunt of his, living in a retired part of Devonshire, England, one night alarmed the house with her cries, and upon being sufficiently calmed to explain the cause of her agitation, declared that the ghost of her husband (at that time an officer on one of Her British Majesty's ships, on the Pacific station) had appeared to her, and that she knew he had died. So firm was her conviction that she wore mourning and considered him as dead, despite the efforts of her family to induce her to wait for news. In due course (several months) the fact of his decease was officially communicated; subsequently, computation of day and hour proved the accuracy of her assertion. (The incident can be well attested by those to whom the name of Spiritualism is an unfamiliar term.) "Oh yes," quoth my friend, "dread ought to come right sometimes; they make mistakes enough."

The broad-minded investigator should weigh all the phenomena of the universe that comes to his notice. Among the earlier claims to his consideration will be a study of hypnotism—mesmerism; the former is the scientific name of the phenomenon, the latter, too, is a more popular expression, identifying it with its alleged discoverer, standing, in fact, in almost the same parallel as Lutherism or Wesleyism does to Christianity. The savants of France have enjoyed almost exclusively the satisfaction of having determined its usefulness and pressed its claim on the attention of the age. Much also has doubtless been done by equally good operators in all parts of the world; but want of organization, and of general sympathy with the march of the nineteenth century, has prevented their research from going on record. A recent

morning paper contains an account of a dumb person being made to speak by means of a skilled application of the science. I, too, can vouch for a case more strange than any, perhaps, recorded in this connection.

Last Friday evening it was my privilege to be one of the audience at the Metropolitan Temple, to hear "Elijah"; and right well I enjoyed all the feast. Why couldn't we have a spiritual oratorio? Why couldn't we? A choice versification of some of the beauties of our philosophy would be no difficult task to some of the master minds. The musical inspiration seems in a great measure provided for, and even without that there is much talent in our ranks. Will not some person or persons, who may be favorably situated for its consideration, take the matter up? Lately I have heard or read of an automatic piano attachment, for recording music as played. Would it not be very interesting in this way to secure some of the gems by inspirational mediums?

We are, without doubt, much indebted to the "coming race" for many valuable suggestions, not the least of which is the method by which each person pursues one line of study, which, when completed, is added to the general fount, and becomes, by an original process, common property. The plan has everything to recommend it but the impracticability of its method. We may, however, do the next best thing, and by an interchange, or co-operative system, be assisted by the labors of others, and offer, in return, the best we have. These interchanges might be, monthly, easily enough; and so we and all could be posted up to date. To be practical, I will suggest that societies formed or forming for the purpose of psychical research, communicate with the Union Spiritual Society, Scottish Hall, San Francisco.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Come Up Higher.

[From the experience of a spirit who, hearing the voice of Deity, "Come up higher," is about to incarnate. Given by Spirit Saldie's soul mate, through Mrs. E. S. Fox.]

Old age creeps gently on apace—
Thought of the past we now retrace;
Where, why and what will still unfold;
The future path lies yet untold.
The restless longings now I feel
Must be appeased ere they are still!
I will away to earthly life.
With sorrowing heart, awhile I leave
This land which my full soul doth love
Best; leaving all behind I know
Can not for always be, and so
The will of the Father is my will.
To mourning ones say I, "Be still,
And know thy God indeed is Love."
His love in obedience we will prove.
The voice of Deity I hear
Speak to my soul in accents clear,
"Be still, and know that I am God;
"Be still, my child, pass 'neath the rod;
"A heavenly baptism waits thy return;
"A holy diadem thy soul must earn.
"Be still, and know that I am God;
"My love now leads thee 'neath the rod."
Old age creeps slowly, surely on—
The die is cast; I'm all alone!
Alone! no one can with me go.
Alone in death! 'tis better so.
No one can through the valley go
Except alone. "Why is it so?"
Nature gives, too, the wise reply—
Alone we live, alone must die;
Within each and every life
No other heart beats; your strife,
Your struggle is but your own;
No one can for you smile or groan.
Experience is good for self and mate;
Each is himself, herself intact.
So alone through that valley dark,
Not lighted by a ray or spark,
We of the spirit world must tread
The vale of shadows—of the dead.
Think not, alone on mortal shore
Is heard the words, "Oh, never more;"
Think not this realm the only one
Where's heard the bitter cry or moan;
Long have mankind, both here and there,
Heard sad-sounding tones of dark despair
From loved ones called awhile to part.
The voice of mourning in the heart
Calls out for comfort, cheer and light
For loved ones vanished from our sight.
We learn from wisdom of the law;
From our life experience we draw
The knowledge given unto the race,
That interchange, not death, embrace
Us in its arms of love, and we
Are children of Life eternally;
And so we live, a part of God.
The counterpart of birth is good;
That counterpart, which you call death,
We call risen life—a clearer truth.
Old age in spirit? Nay, not that—
Decrepitude of spirit is no part;
It is the body—that alone—
That has to feeble old age grown.
The spirit lives in mature strength,
But holds its covering; for its length
Of years, months, days or hours
Matters not so much; its powers
Are not weakened in an earthly form,
But strengthened 'till endure the storm.
Battle and overcome its foes; rise
In the scale of being to the skies;
From whence we came—our Father's house,
Our home of Light, our Paradise.
From all beneath we rise above
Through all prevailing power of Love.

From J. B. Fayette, President and Corresponding Secretary of the Sun Angels' Order of Light, Oswego, N. Y.

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tissues of the body, and imparts vigor to the system, and

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Fields are scarce, but those who write to Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine, will receive free, full information about work which they can do, and live at home, that will pay them from \$5 to \$25 per day. Some have earned over \$30 in a day. Either sex, young or old. Capital not required. You are started free. Those who start at once are absolutely sure of long little fortune. All is new.

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Original and ONLY GENUINE
Electric Truss. Perfect Retainer
Easy to wear. Instantly relieves every
case. Hanged thousands. Estab. 1856.
Send for Free Illustrated Pamphlet No. 1.
MAG

[Written for the Golden Gate.]
Betrayed.

BY MARY W. MCVICAR.

"I trusted you as holy men trust God,"
And with unswerving faith believed there trod
No man more true and brave;
That faith was firm and fixed as on a rock,
And would withstand all tempter's shock
However it might rave.

Within the shelter of your sturdy arm
I felt as safe from evil and from harm
As any little child,
Clasped closely to its mother's loving breast—
Unconscious that what made my life seem blest
Could so soon be defiled.

And then, one day, one fatal, fatal day,
My trust—my steadfast faith—in ruins lay.
Crushed by your cruel blow,
It is the bitter pang of all that you,
I would have staked my very soul were true,
With traitorous hand this cup should brew
For me, who loved you so.

Where most I honored, there to meet
The treacherous blow, the crafty, cold deceit—
To see you careless fling
The crown and scepter love made half divine
Deep down into the muddy ooze and slime—
This is life's deadliest sting.

A Thought-Flower.

BY FATHER RYAN.

Silently, shadowy, some lives go,
And the sound of their voices is all unheard,
Or, if heard at all, 'tis as the faint flow
Of beautiful waves which no storm hath stirred.
Deep lives these,
As the pearl-strewn seas.

Softly and noiselessly some feet tread
Lone ways on earth, without leaving a mark;
They move 'mid the living, they pass to the dead,
As still as the gleam of a star through the dark.
Sweet lives these
In their strange repose.

Calmly and lowly some hearts beat,
And none may know that they beat at all;
They muffle their music whenever they meet
A few in a hut or a crowd in a hall.
Great hearts these—
God only knows!

Soundlessly, shadowy, such move on,
Dim as the dream of a child asleep;
And no one knoweth, till they are gone,
How lofty their souls—their hearts how deep;
Bright souls these—
God only sees.

Lonely and hidden in the world—
Though in the world 'tis their lot to stay—
The tremulous wings of their hearts are furl'd
Until they fly from the world away,
And find their rest
On Our Father's breast,
Where earth's unknown shall be known the best,
And the hidden hearts shall be brightest blest.

Rocking the Baby.

BY MADGE MORRIS.

I hear her rocking the baby—
Her room is next to mine—
And I fancy I feel the dimpled arms
That round her neck entwined,
As she rocks and rocks the baby,
In the room just next to mine.

I hear her rocking the baby
Each day when the twilight comes,
And I know there's a world of blessing and love
In the "baby-by" she hums.

I can see the restless fingers
Playing with "mamma's" rings,
The sweet little smiling, pouting mouth
That to hers in kissing clings,
As she rocks and sings to the baby,
And dreams as she rocks and sings.

I hear her rocking the baby,
Slower and slower now,
And I hear she is leaving her good-night kiss
On its eyes and cheek and brow.

From her rocking, rocking, rocking,
I wonder would she start
Could she know, through the wall between us,
She is rocking on a heart?
While my empty arms are aching
For a form they may not press,
And my empty heart is breaking
In its desolate loneliness.

I list to the rocking, rocking,
In the room just next to mine,
And breathe a prayer in silence,
At a mother's broken sigh,
For the woman who rocks the baby
In the room just next to mine.

The Ebbing Sea.

BY REV. MINOT J. SAVAGE.

There is a sea whose mystic tide
Beats ever round our earthly shore:
Perchance it somewhere comes to flood,
But here it ebbs for evermore—

Who steps into its darkling waves
Is swept out by the undertow;
While, hidden by the e'ring hanging mist,
Whereto they drift none ever know.

A boat comes; and, from out the air,
A call that but the summoned hears:
Some loved one then, with wondering eyes
And pale face, goes, despite our tears.

Is there a land beyond the sea?
Sometimes there looms a vision fair,
And the mist lifts; but is it real,
Or a mirage built on the air?

Sometimes a wind from off the sea
Wafts landward faint, sweet odors strange:
Are they delusive? or are there
Rare flowers beyond all death and change?

I stoop down listening on the shore:
Is it a whisper that I hear?
Or does my longing fancy feign
These voices that enchant mine ear?

Oh, that some friend from o'er the sea
Might come back, with the word of trust,
And make me know that love still lives—
That soul is soul, though dust be dust!

Miracles.

To me every hour of the light and dark is a miracle,
Every cubic inch of space is a miracle,
Every square yard of the surface of the earth is spread with
the same.

To me the sea is a continual miracle—
The fishes that swim—the rocks—the motion of the waves—the
ships with men in them.

What stranger miracles are there?
—WALT WHITMAN.

A Pretty Good Bad Boy.

A good many years ago now, a small,
bare-legged boy set out from his home in
Portsmouth, N. H., for an afternoon's
sport with a gun. He rambled along, as
boys will, with his eyes wide open for
everything that came under them, as well
as for the game that was the special ob-
ject of his expedition; and he had not
gone far when he saw a chaise approach-
ing, driven by the Governor of the
State.

The Governor was a very popular and
distinguished man, who was being talked
of for the Presidency; and we should not
have liked the small boy if he had not been
a little overawed by finding himself alone
in the presence of so august a personage.
He was equal to the occasion, however;
and, as the chaise reached him, he stood
aside to let it pass, and gravely presented
arms. The Governor at once pulled up
his horse, and looked with amusement at
the little fellow standing there as serious as
a sentry, with his big gun held rigidly before
him.

"What is your name?" said the
Governor.

"Thomas Bailey Aldrich," replied the
boy with a military salute.

He was invited into the chaise; and,
though he lost his shooting, what was that
in comparison with the distinction of rid-
ing into Portsmouth Town with Governor
Woodbury?

This was forty years ago; and since then
Thomas Bailey Aldrich has earned a
place among the foremost of American
authors by a series of books, some in
prose and some in verse, which are dis-
tinguished by the purity of their tone, the
refinement of their style, and the pictur-
esqueness of their invention. One of
them is called "The Story of a Bad
Boy"; and, except that some of the
names of persons and places are changed,
it is so faithful a picture of the author's
boyhood that it might be called an auto-
biography.—*Wm. H. Rideing, in March
St. Nicholas.*

SPEAK NOT HARSHLY.—One word
spoken impatiently or angrily in the
morning, has sapped the enjoyment of
the whole day. There was a silent re-
proof in all inanimate things, and even in
the faces of friends, all through the slow
hours. There never was a vision of the
angel who stood in the heart with plead-
ing hand, telling us that there was the
place of evil centres—there must purity
be first, before the eyes could read all
life aright! Cleanse the spirit of these
little sins which darken the whole day!
Get the harsh words so far down in the
soul that they shall die, and never rise to
lips—and the humanity of your lives will
shine forth unhindered and your glorious
destiny be apparent.

ACTION.—Men who have half a dozen
irons in the fire are not the ones to go
crazy. It is the man of voluntary or
compelled leisure who mopes, and pines,
and thinks himself into the mad house or
the grave. Motion is all Nature's law.
Action is man's salvation, physical and
mental. And yet nine out of ten are
wistfully looking to the coveted hour
when they shall have leisure to do noth-
ing or something only if they feel like it—
the very siren that has lured to death
many a successful man. He is only truly
wise who lays himself out to work till
life's latest hour, and that is the man who
will live the longest, and will live to most
purpose.

FRIENDSHIP.—Oh! the blessing it
is to have a friend to whom one
can speak fearlessly on any subject,
with whom one's deepest as well as one's
most foolish thoughts come out simply
and safely! Oh! the comfort, the inex-
pressible comfort, of feeling safe with a
person, having neither to weigh thoughts
nor to measure words, but pouring them
all right out, just as they are, chaff and
grain together, certain that a faithful
hand will take and sift them, keep what
is worth keeping, and then, with the
breath of kindness, blow the rest away!
Life for a Life.

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HEALER.

A Medium, or any intelligent man or woman disposing of
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mar26-1f APPLY AT THIS OFFICE.

A GUIDE TO FORTUNE.

Explains the occult cause in nature, why some persons
succeed in life and others again fail; and tells how any one
may accomplish their wish, and avoid misfortune. Sent to
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as partners and workers in the dietetic reform, within
the Golden Gate—for companions in the work of uplifting
humanity—Purity of Life and conduct the only capital re-
quired, and the only reward, health—a sound mind in a
sound body. The work required is to build a temple wor-
thy the abode of the living God.

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ap24-4w

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OUR SUNDAY TALKS.

OUR SUNDAY TALKS;

—OR—

Gleanings In Various Fields of Thought,

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SECOND EDITION. REVISED AND ENLARGED.

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useful compilation, in which the taste and ability
of the able writer has been fully illustrated. Mr.
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the leading newspapers of the State; edited with
great tact and good management, and conducted
with care and marked clear-headed judgment.
His writings are always readable, terse, vigorous
and clear-cut, and in the choice little volume
before us, he gives us the very best flowers culled
from the bouquet which his mind and brain have
combined together.—*Spirit of the Times.*

It is calculated to elevate the mind above the
mere greed for gain and momentary pleasures,
and cause the thoughts to run in a more elevated
channel. * * * It contains some magnif-
icent gems, and is of that character that will
command a place among the literature of the
day.—*Pioneer.*

As to the contents of the book we can not
speak too much praise. The selections are prin-
cipally made up from the best things which have
for several years been written for the Mercury by
Mr. Owen. It is a collection of the beautiful
thoughts—thoughts characteristic of the culti-
vated mind and warm heart of the author
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happiest vein.—*Footlight.*

The compilation brings before us, in a compact
form, the talented author's best and noblest
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than one of Bro. Owen's essays.—*Gilroy
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thoughtful topics culled from the columns of the
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and observation, written in a pleasing and
interesting style, and full of good "meat,"
with the intent of benefiting their minds.—*Carson
Appeal.*

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ing essays and flowing verse is peculiarly interest-
ing. The author wields a graceful pen, and all
of his efforts involve highly merited principle.
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now bound together in one volume they seem to
breathe more of the spirit of the cloistered
scholar than is wont to gather round the minis-
trations of the editorial tripod.—*S. F. Post.*

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is unquestionably of a high order, and in this
grouping a number of his best productions into a
compact and handy little volume, he has con-
ferred a favor on many of the Mercury's readers,
who, like ourselves, have read and appreciated the
"Sunday Talks," and from them, perhaps,
have been led to form a higher and more ennobling
idea of the mission and duties of mankind.
San Benito Advance.

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things, a neat and attractive way which makes
them readable and easily assimilated and
digested, and this volume should have a wide
circulation.—*Foot Hill Tidings.*

The volume is readable and suggestive of
thought.—*S. F. Merchant.*

They embrace editorials on miscellaneous sub-
jects, poems, sketches, and short articles, and are
really what he styles them, "Gleanings in Vari-
ous Fields of Thought." The contents are as
creditable to Mr. Owen's literary ability as the
handsome looking volume is to the taste and re-
sources of the Mercury printing establishment.—
S. F. Call.

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in an easy, flowing style, enchain the reader,
and teaching grand doctrine. One lays down
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a renewed confidence in mankind and a brighter
opinion of the world. The poems are beautiful,
and one in particular, "Across the Bar," if
name were not attached, would easily pass for
the production of some of the noted poets of the
country. The poems have a similar tone to the
ballads of B. F. Taylor, one of the sweetest
poets of America. "Sunday Talks" should
have a large circulation.—*Watsonville Pajaro-
nian.*

We have read the "Sunday Talks" and shal
continue to do so, for let us open the book where
we may we are sure to find something that make
us feel the better for reading; every article is the
expression of the thoughts of a manly man to his
fellow man.—*Monterey Californian.*

Bright, crystallized sunbeams, which gladden
the heart, and give fresh inspiration to the soul.
The few moments we allotted to their enjoyment
have lengthened to hours, and with a sigh of
regret we turn from their contemplation, only
because the duties of the day have imperative
claims upon our attention. These sunbeams
have been materialized in the magic alchemy of a
master mind. A more beautiful, instructive and
entertaining volume never was issued upon the
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the highest, purest standard of thought, ex-
pressed in the best-chosen language. It is one
of the happiest contributions which our home
literature has ever received.—*Santa Barbara
Press.*

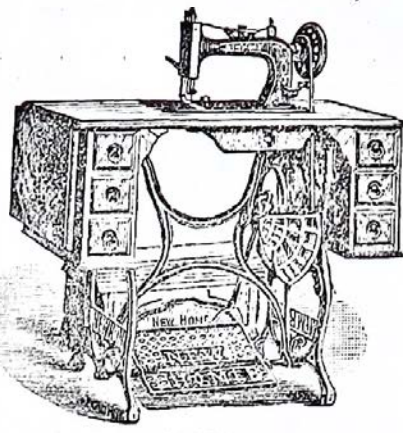
They are each and all of them full of deep
thought, felicitous expressions, and clear insight
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latter's infidelity.—*Fort Wayne (Ind.) Gazette.*

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2:30 P. M. (except Sunday), Express: Mt. Eden, Alva-
rado, Newark, Centerville, Alviso, Agnew, Santa
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4:30 P. M., daily, for SAN JOSE, Los Gatos and in-
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12:00, 12:15, 1:00, 1:15, 2:00, 2:15, 3:00, 3:15, 4:00, 4:15,
5:00, 5:15, 6:00, 6:15, 7:00, 7:15, 8:00, 8:15, 9:00, 9:15,
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